THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1875 by R. J. C. WALKER, Publisher and Proprietor, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington. All Rights reserved.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, in Advance. No. 31.

WINTER'S BLESSING.

BY STUART STERNE.

Oh, I bless thee, joyous winter,
A thousand, thousand times,
With all thy blustering tempests,
With all thy frost and rimes!

For in the stormy winter
There sprang above the snow,
A spring more sweet with blossoms
Than any the earth did know!

More golden with happy sunshine,
More rich with songs of bird,
Than ever my eyes did feast on,
Than ever my glad ears heard!

Oh, all in the stormy weather
My true love came to me,
My love no more to leave me
Through all eternity!

With all thy blustering tempests,
With all thy frost and rimes,
I bless thee, O joyous winter,
A thousand, thousand times.

CHARON,

THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wertzel, The Scout."

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT RIDE.

The sun had sunk behind a wall of gorgeously colored clouds; twilight had settled over the sea of waving, flower-strewn grasses, and a thin crescent moon, a brief hour above her setting, gave a faint silvering to the topmost sprays of foliage.

Utter silence seemed to pervade the wide plains—no sound, no moving figure. Here and there a thin twisting plume of smoke, rising sky-ward, hinted at the night halt of supply trains, the camp-fire of the scout and trapper, or the signal-fires of the red rangers of the prairie.

As the moon paled and sank along the far southwestern rim of the horizon, a small movable speck appeared in faint relief against the sky. Only the trained eye of the scout and ranger could have made it out, so small and indistinct did the object appear.

But it rapidly arose and broadened; ere long it showed the outlines of a horse and his rider. The animal came on at irregular speed, now stretching along at a swinging gallop, now halting as if the horseman was listening or reconnoitring; anon circling clear of the suspicious smoke-wreaths; then on again at the swift, invincible gallop.

Rushing over the dry beds of the creeks, darting like an arrow through the belts of bush and chaparral, he shows himself to be facing far-away Sheltonville. Facing it, mind you, but never once thinking of the place, by chance not even knowing of the township.

The horse which the night-traveler is riding, presents no remarkable outlines to the inexperienced gaze, only his ears keep up a peculiar winnowing movement, and his eyes are as fierce as those of a Bengal tiger. He shows his teeth, too, in a disagreeable manner; but the man will just now interest us more than the animal.

In his toilet there was a strange medley. He wears the leggins, frock and belt of the Western hunter, but the keen, steady eyes and copper-colored face are shaded by the hat of the "jay hawker." The short cockade bespeaks a tride of Indian dandyism. Over his shoulders, which actually seem strung with muscles of steel, straggles a heavy mane of glistening black hair. The bridle-rein of green buffalo hide, is held by a hand the knuckles of which seem wrought of iron. He looks like a hard and impatient rider, but not a reckless one.

This man is known mythically to the settlers as Charon, one of the red rangers of the border; to the soldiers of the fort and the government officials, he is called the half-breed scout and guide; while among the Indians he is termed the Texas Fox, he having first come into notice hailing from the frontier of that State.

By-and-by, the Red Ranger made so sudden a pause that it seemed as if he must have discovered some remarkably new feature in the landscape. He jerked his horse back upon his haunches, almost as a dog sits down to await his dinner, and then, with as rapid a movement, he started him, into a furious run. For three miles he rode thus, evidently losing all thoughts of ambush or Indians. Forward with fierce impetuosity until he came to a spot near the little tributary that made its way to a fork leading into the ——. Then throwing himself from his horse, he groveled about the scarred ground where a recent fire had been. He arose to his feet, as it would seem, only for the purpose of taking a suffocating breath, for he almost immediately crouched down again, and moved about like a hound searching for a lost scent. Round and round the area of two or more acres he passed, and at last leaping to his feet, he tossed his arms frantically above his head, and emitted so long, so fierce and dreadful a cry that it seemed as if the Black Hills caught the sound in their circuit and returned an echo. Once more, when seated upon his steed, he gave forth that savage yell, and the horse leaped as if under the spur; and drawing a little more to the east of his previous course, Charon soon faded into the dusk that had now settled heavily over the immense flats.

"Hold firmly, lady, for God's sake, hold firmly! We're in for it. Sure!"

Just here, with the reader's permission, we must take a retrospective glance, but we will not be long turned from the direct narrative.

We will introduce them to a night, calm, murky, and oppressive with something ominous and prophetic in the atmosphere.

Come under the portico of the little inn in the new town of D——, on the frontier. If your eyes can pierce the pall of smoke which canopies the bar-room, you will behold rough, wild visages. Here are drovers, miners, speculators, scouts, half breeds, and a promiscuous mass of "hail fellow, well met" stragglers—a lawless, vicious, reckless crowd of men, who would not like to explain their occupations, but who are ready to clink their glasses with the person that comes first with an invitation.

On a bench by the open window, we notice one man whose restlessness does not allow him to remain stationary more than a minute at a time. His rather prepossessing face wears a look of extreme annoyance.

"Dan," said he, at length, turning to the man seated on the bench near him, "what do you think the night will be?"

"Black; unless this wind, which already is hissing in the grass, rises with sufficient force to rend the clouds in pieces—quite as likely to foretell a tempest, and one of the sort that don't stop to argue with anything in its course."

"Did you say that the wind is rising?"

"Yes; I don't know though, it might have been some other trifling sound, but I certainly thought that I heard its peculiar rustle in the grass when I stood under the portico."

"I really do not care to waste my time here," said the first speaker; "and if the stage is not in within the hour, I shall proceed towards the fort without further delay."

"Captain Stannard," said the other, sinking his voice to a low, impressive tone, "I should wait for the stage. They all have a guard now, unless, indeed, this reckless Max Kennedy, who is just placed on the line, drives without one. It's a perilous route from here through to Fort H—— under ordinary circumstances; and such a night as this—ugh! don't you attempt it."

"But, Dan, not a half hour ago I heard you tell some of those fellows yonder that you would start on your own business directly after supper."

"Myself and Buns—certainly," and the speaker beckoned to a brother scout, who might be suffocating in the fumes about the bar-room, for all the noises that seemed to originate in that cloud of smoke would aid the idea. Hiccoughs, roars of laughter, and the peculiar gurgling sounds of running liquor were mingled in agreeable—if it please you—accord. Now and again, a slow, hesitating pronunciation, a jocund tone, with odd inflections, came to the ears of those away from its immediate vicinity, and always a pause ensued when this man spoke, to be followed immediately by uproarious laughter.

"That is Buns," said Dan, with a grimace. "I believe that after he has wasted to a skeleton, jokes can be extracted from his bones. He is irrepressible."

"You caution me, but yet are going forward yourselves."

Buns himself had advanced in season to catch this last sentence, and immediately replied:

"Dif'rent modes of meand'rin', young man. Yer boast hes gut shoes, more or less, on she makes a noise when her speed's good; when 'tain't, she chaws her bits, eh? We, Dan an' me, toe out in our soft socks, at a venture; our moggersons don't rattle a buckle."

"I understand," returned Captain Stannard; "but my business is quite imperative."

"Not perzactively. Dan's an' mine's impalritive; yer go in single file. Hark ye, hark!"

The scout thrust his peculiar looking head out of the loophole of a window to listen.

That head when once seen could not be forgotten. A small, flush cap fitted snugly over his skull, around the lower edge of which was an even, foamy roll of snarled, curly, grizzled hair. A thick, heavy beard of the same color fell upon his breast.

In the cut of his rough garments not an inch had been yielded to the vagaries of fashion; but it would have bothered another man beside a frontier scout to come upon any particular article about his waist in the dark. With rifle appointments, powder and balls; a tomahawk, knife, and so forth, he only lacked a necklace of teeth and toe-nails, one or two scalps, and some scarlet fringe to make up the whole furniture of the noble red man, whom some have delighted to honor. His provision pouch, in its well thumbed and greasy appearance, was in keeping with his other embellishments; and his broad, short figure, with cords like whipstalks and muscles of steel, bespoke him as no ordinary individual.

In some former hand to hand scuffle with a grizzly bear of the Rocky Range, he had got the left ear slit open, and the left eyelid had been cut up in such a curious pattern, with one or two pieces lost out entirely, that its healing process had drawn the skin down and in, in such a way that it gave that eye the expression of a comical lurid.

"Hark!" he had said, thrusting his head from the window. "I heard the gallop of a horse. Kennedy is this side or Tule crick. Now, Cap'n Stannard, it's time you stan' treat."

"Anything else, vet.," returned the young officer, pleasantly; "but that is not in my line."

Buns tucked the unscared eyebrow up under his skull-cap, and ejaculated in his odd way:

"My-rucu-lous! tea-total?"

"Usually—coffee, at intervals;" was the humorous response.

"Thar we hev it! thar we hev it!" vociferated the scout, in a high, cracked tone, as a horseman dashed up outside, with a whoop, and, throwing himself off his horse, bounded into the bar-room.

"Supper and relays!" called the cheery young subaltern. "Kennedy and his passengers will be here inside of twenty minutes."

"Inside or twenty minutes yer'd turn inside out, youngster. Say, how'd yer manage that yell without bustin' yer win'-pipe?"

For reply, the gay young fellow took a grip of Buns shoulders, mowed out and in with his flexible leg, and apparently thought to sweep the veteran off his feet; but he might as soon have thought of throwing a lighthouse.

The merriment excited by this scuffling had scarcely subsided when Kennedy's stage-horn wound clearly through the gloom outside, and created quite a bustle in the tavern.

Every one dashed outdoors to await the new arrival, and a cheer burst forth as Max Kennedy, four in hand, with his head-light rising and falling at the bows, held in his leaders with their heads quite under the canvas portico.

"Here, you, hostler," he called, "stall these fellows immediately, and hitch in my black devils. We are going into Fort H—— to-night before we are due, or not at all," he added, with a grinding sound of his teeth.

Four men tumbled out of the vehicle, and one sprang down from the top, while Kennedy himself, with the steel-trimmed bags in his hand, came inside.

"Come, Dillson," to mine host, "put on your best paces, for we are all in a deuced hurry, with the prospect of a tornado or thunder tempest upon us by midnight."

Captain Stannard now advanced and asked:

"Colonel Hays then failed to meet you at Corrisville?"

"He did," was the laconic reply, with that real or acquired stoicism of the borderer. "He was shot last night at Butler's Canon."

Stannard uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Shot?"

"Stone dead, and his important papers stolen—every bit."

"This is horrible. I must, indeed, hasten on to the outpost to-night. Is there any clue?"

"Clue, gad!" ejaculated Kennedy, with infinite disgust—"clue? when from beyond the forks of the Columbia River to the water rim of Mexico, outlaws and renegades of every stamp spring up like sand fleas, and a murder causes but a gasp and a thought."

"Unless the murdered man be your personal friend."

"In which case, while you bury his remains, or search for his relics, you stand a smart chance to fit in your inches beside him. Yet Baxter, who rode up outside to-night, says that a small party of Sioux were known to be lurking around the canon a day or two before."

"Known to be there? Was Colonel Hays warned of the fact?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps not; but every man, with a grain of common sense in his make-up, knows without a warning that he is likely to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with a redskin without a moment's preparation."

"Supper, gentlemen," announced mine host.

The newcomers were about to seat themselves at the table, when they were startled by a vision that appeared from an inner apartment, and who, without the least embarrassment, came forward and occupied the vacant seat at the board.

"I suppose, Mr. Kennedy," she said, after each and every man had acknowledged her presence by arising from his seat and bowing, "that you have room for one more passenger?"

Max ran his eyes about the room in quest of the person who would like to go on with him, and then politely returned:

"I can always accommodate one more, Miss, if I have to lash him to the railing, or tuck him under the boot."

"I should prefer being tied to the top," she smilingly answered; but, as the landlord fetched forth another lamp, and placed it upon the board, her light eyes suddenly darkened, her nostrils quivered, and a swift pallor blanched her face.

No other person besides Captain Stannard noticed her strange emotion or indisposition, and he, involuntarily, was about to arise and proffer assistance, when she warned him—how, he could not have explained—with a glance of her eye, to desist, and in a moment so far recovered herself as to respond to Kennedy's astonished—

"*You*, Miss? You were not thinking to ride to-night?"

"I really must go forward. I have been on the verge of hysterics through fear of some accident or delay on your part."

"You have friends?" questioned Max, who, it must be confessed, had nearly lost his wits, and quite forgotten his politeness at the unexpected and extraordinary apparition of a handsome, dashing young woman in this place, where the discovery of a diamond mine would be less wondered at.

"Well, really, Mr. Max," she returned, casting a curious glance under her long lashes at Stannard, "I think you would be a capital custom house official. Do you propound the catechism to all your passengers?"

Her sharp and rather acid reply brought Kennedy to a realizing sense of his impertinent manner, and so soon as he had sufficiently masticated the piece of steak in his mouth to allow him to venture to swallow, he faced her, with a decided tinge of red in his cheeks, no doubt arising from his gulping of the rather tough beef, and, in a subdued tone, apologized:

"I am rather taken aback, Miss. You are keen, and I am stupid. Please excuse my question, and I'll not ask another, but I shall use my utmost powers of persuasion to prevent you from going on."

She laid down her knife and fork with a decided air.

"I shall go. If there is not room inside nor outside, I shall risk a postilion's position on the nigh leader."

A brave of applause greeted this announcement.

"Max, you are vanquished," ventured Captain Stannard.

"Fair defeat is as agreeable as inglorious victory," retorted invincible Kennedy. "You shall go, Miss, and, if need be, I will defend you with a fair amount of blood-spilling."

Prophetic Max! The sequel of the night journey tested his promise.

Supper was soon dispatched, but the fresh steeds were tackled in and at the door before the passengers arose from their meal.

The lady passenger withdrew to don her light wrappings. As she returned, Captain Stannard was near the door of the supper room, and she immediately advanced to where he stood, and questioned:

"Do you know the passenger coming in with Mr. Max?"

"Which one?" For at that moment, another man had turned about, so that Kennedy was flanked on either side with a passenger, both of whom were at the time addressing some remark to him.

"Which? Oh, the one with the tawny beard."

"He is a stranger to me."

"Excuse the question, sir. Do you go on with us?"

"On horseback, with Ford, I think."

"Why don't you secure a guard, Kennedy," some one was asking, when Stannard and the girl joined them.

"Egad!" returned Max, tossing the mailbag on his arm, "I have got to drive on this route awhile, before I can pick out the fellows that I want to take along with me over the devilish bogerish piece of flats that I have to cross between here and the fort. If the documents in uncle's satchel are to be fumbled by lawless cusses, I don't care to place it into their hands. There, Dillson, you have my opinion of the most of these mail-coach guards for nothing."

Captain Stannard held out his hand to assist the lady inside.

"Mr. Kennedy said I might ride outside, if you please." And she drew back. "I can't really coop myself inside with them," she added, in a lower tone.

Max was arranging the mail-bags to his satisfaction, and had no sooner accomplished this task, than he came with an elastic spring to the ground, and touching his hat, explained:

"It's a deuced dark, disagreeable prospect. Come up, however; you will stand as good a chance there as anywhere, unless the gathering storm bursts upon us. Halloa! Dillson, I thought I saw Dan here when I drove up?"

"You did—both he and Buns—but the two owls have flitted somewhere."

"Be easy there—whoa! Now, my rose petals, now!"

The four powerful black animals lifted their forward feet with military precision, and struck into an excited gallop.

"You can keep that pace up just as long as you please," remarked Max, getting the right grip upon the ribbons. "These four animals will beat anything on Pason's or Dowling's Line. They would stretch the stitches out of the harnesses of any other animals this side the Texas border."

And he settled himself comfortably, and inquired how his companion was seated, going on again directly:

"If it wasn't for the mail, I expect the devils of outlaws will attempt to cut the buckles on purpose to possess themselves of these animals."

The turn of the conversation could not have had an exhilarating effect upon weak nerves.

"Your voice has a heroic ring," flatteringly returned his companion; "and yet you may be murdered in these dreadful times."

"I may—yes—but I count that the first one or two who get hold of the mail-bag won't distribute the contents."

And he tapped his breast significantly.

"You may be shot where you sit, before you dream of danger."

"It isn't so written," returned the hero.

"Or," she went on, "*I* might be disguised, and up here beside you, you know, to shoot you when you hadn't one thought of danger."

"Ah, ha!" laughed Max. "I hugged you a trifle when I helped you up here—you haven't a pistol handy; beside, I've sat you down so that I pin in your pistol arm."

She laughed out gaily, but ceased in a moment, subdued by the unusual and sombre situation in which she found herself.

Those in the stage were unable to hear any echo of the two mounted men gone on in advance of them.

"Do not your lamps serve as a beacon to lure the robbers on?" questioned the girl, as they came upon a piece of rolling prairie, and the moderated pace of the horses allowed her to utter an articulate sentence.

"It would make but little difference," Max replied; "they could hear the tramp of the horses a good bit off, and they know the route."

"Are you sure of the characters of your passengers?"

She had placed her handsome mouth so close to Kennedy's ear, that her soft breath swept his cheek.

"Two of them I know, and three I do not," he answered her. "It is rather an even balance."

Nearly an hour passed without either speaking, but it probably was not for lack of thoughts.

Of course the girl could not know what was passing in her companion's mind; she only knew that she was unconsciously holding her breath, while her nerves were braced until the tension was painful. She conjectured that they were in or were nearing a locality of more than ordinary danger, for a silence reigned among the inside passengers, whose conversation for the hour previous had been cheerful and incessant.

She noticed Max slip his belt around a trifle, so that his pistols were almost within his grasp, having first pulled off his gloves, which he tucked into his pocket. He then took another and a firmer grasp of the reins.

Not a movement escaped her notice.

"There's a line of bushes ahead, Miss," said the brave fellow, in his clear, steady tones, "and if you wouldn't mind

slipping down here—out of range, you know—I think it would be rather safer. If they don't—if there is no ambush—we shall shake and rock and turn pretty well inside out as we cross the bed of the creek."

"I am safer here, please, than in a crouching position to tangle up your feet; and—and I might drive, I think, if you want both hands free."

"Brave girl!" responded he, "you can help me best by taking the stage horn, and, in case Ford and Captain Stannard are much in advance, if we are attacked in this fringe of chaparral, wind them a recall on the horn; they will understand."

Just as her hand clasped the horn, a little beyond them, a sudden flash quivered across the inky darkness.

Her heart bounded nearly into her throat.

"It lightens!" said Max; "in less than an hour we shall have a tremendous storm sweeping over us, as it now appears."

He gave a sudden, peculiar jerk upon the reins that the animals understood, for they gave up their hard trot, and broke into the even rise and fall of the trained gallop, entirely free from the convulsive gait that characterizes many carriage animals when urged to great and sudden speed.

Another, brighter flash, as they ascended a sharp rise, was followed by a clear, ringing report, and a yell, just in advance.

"Blow! blow!" commanded Max, as he sprang to his feet. "Ford may have passed them—blow!"

But the clear, wild tar-tar-ra-ra-rah of the instrument had gone out like an unearthly wail upon the solemn, silent night.

"Hold firmly, lady; for God's sake, hold firmly; we're in for it, sure."

And with a rapid blow of his iron knuckles right and left he broke the lamps to fragments, and extinguished the lights.

Plutonian darkness now, cut through and barred off by streams of fire from the muskets.

"Indians!" yelled the inside passengers, springing out, while the frightened leaders trod back upon the others, the stage was overturned, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued. Blows and shots right and left, with the demoniac yells of the red fiends completed the horrid programme.

The conflict was fierce and short. Half an hour after the attack the clouds, singularly enough, falling down from the zenith, allowed the drowsy stars a glimpse of a ghastly spectacle. Several dead bodies tumbled down in the narrow space that had sufficed for a battle-ground, the upturned vehicle, from which the horses had been cut clear, and a band of assassins skulking across the grassy flats as silent as ghosts.

The people comfortably settled in unmolested sections of country, with naught to molest or make them afraid, fail to comprehend and appreciate the martyr spirits who, in the van of civilization, too often lose their lives for the good of posterity.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN STANNARD.

The soldiers at Fort H—— were disagreeably surprised in the early dawn, after the night of which we have written, on being confronted by a pale and blood-stained horseman who rode up at a hard gallop, and demanded to be shown to the quarters of General Durmond.

"Horrible news," said the newcomer. "Mail stage robbed by Yellow Creek; driver and passengers without a doubt all murdered, save myself, who, stiffened with the blood of a knife wound in my arm, and another in my shoulder, have stopped the flow of blood partly by tying my cravat over the cut, and, having succeeded in whistling up my terrified animal an hour after the fight was over, have ridden with all haste to obtain a squad of soldiers to go back to the scene to bury the dead."

The horseman was Captain Stannard. He would not suffer his wounds to be dressed, truthfully affirming that he suffered no inconvenience from them, as his state of mental excitement rendered him oblivious to physical distress.

The scene of the tragedy revealed the scalped and mutilated bodies of five white men, and four painted redskins.

The faces of the victims were so badly disfigured that Stannard could not distinguish one from the other, excepting in the case of young Ford and Max Kennedy, where some slight peculiarities of dress rendered identification easy.

"Now, then," remarked Stannard, in a weak and abstracted manner, leaning against the upturned vehicle, "there are five passengers, poor Max, and young Ford to be accounted for. Here are but five. Where are the other two?"

"Crawled off in the grass or bush to die," remarked the commander of the squad.

"And, just heaven!" exclaimed Stannard, suddenly smiting his forehead—"the girl! I had forgotten her entirely."

"Was there a woman with you?" asked the astonished lieutenant.

"Yes."

"Who was she, and where was she going?"

"I know neither, only that she was extremely anxious, nay *would* go forward last night at all hazards."

"Fate!" laconically returned the young officer. "But let us beat about here a bit, and see if there is any trail."

"A broad one, no doubt," replied Stannard. "The animals of the assailants, and those belonging to the line, will leave a broad enough track." Yet the party stretched about to see if they could discover any traces of the other two passengers."

A loud, startled ejaculation from one of the number drew the others to the spot where he stood. At his feet was a woman's hat with broken strings, and its crushed and trodden plume showed that no slight struggle had taken place in the vicinity; beside, dark spatters upon the grass and brush gave evidence that one party or the other was wounded and bleeding at the time.

"Poor girl!" ejaculated Lieutenant O'Conner, sadly. "Her fate is worse than that of these fellows lying calmly awaiting burial."

A large, rude grave on the bank of the creek was excavated, into which the white men were laid. "But," said O'Conner, "let the buzzards take care of the carrion;" and he spurned the body of the nearest Indian with his foot.

As his eye fell upon the loathsome visage, he started violently.

"Tip up your canteen here a bit, sergeant," indicating the face of the corpse as the spot; "there goes the grease and red ochre, and you find the prime instigators of these wholesale murders."

The stream of water had removed the paint, and exposed the complexion of a white man. Captain Stannard, however, was at the time more interested in the presumptive fate of the unknown girl, with whose appearance he had been forcibly and favorably impressed on their only and brief interview.

"Can we hope to pursue them?"

O'Conner shook his head in a decided manner.

"No mortal use for men of our make to attempt it. We must employ the regular diplomatized scout."

"And she may be dead already; doubtless, it was her blood——"

O'Conner made a negative movement, pointing to the traces of the scuffle.

"The blood-marks are thickest where the heaviest indentations appear—always the drops on that side. Her captor had the bruises."

"You ought to be a scout yourself," remarked a subaltern; "your powers of observation is not lacking."

"But my patience is," returned O'Conner; "I might pursue a trail for a few hours, or a few days, perhaps, with some persistency, then I should give it up in disgust."

Search was made in the vehicle for something with which to identify the poor girl, but it had been rifled of its contents. Stannard bore up under his ride to the fort, although his pallor was alarming. Added to the loss of blood, his wounds were excruciatingly painful, owing to his clothing sticking and drying to them, and he was nearly in a fainting state when he placed himself under the care of the surgeon of the outpost.

He explained that as he and Ford rode in advance to ascertain, if possible, if the way were safe; they were fired upon by the ambushed fiends. He thought that young Ford received his fatal wound then, as he uttered an anguished moan, and yet he had ridden back into the thickest of the melee, and died while attempting to ward off the assailants. The darkness of the night made the contest doubly fearful, as no one could tell who advanced—whether friend or foe—until the murderous clutch, or ringing blow of the tomahawk, revealed it.

Stannard's young and vigorous constitution soon brought him up from his weakness, and healed the ugly wounds. In two weeks he was mounted upon his horse and riding northward, for the purpose of delivering into the hands of Colonel Whitman, recently appointed to a post near Fort Laramie, some very important government documents.

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD BARBOUR.

Two days after his arrival at this northwestern outpost, he was agreeably surprised by encountering an old-time Eastern friend.

"True enough, Ed," said Captain Stannard. "I knew that you were located somewhere within a hundred miles of here, but the fact had quite passed out of my mind. I was informed, though, I am positive, that you were connected with the military."

"Yes; for about three years I was down to Fort H——. But tiring of the life, I petitioned our venerable uncle for a government tract, and am now a squatter—or section hand, if you like."

"How far from here are you located?"

"A long stretch. Wish I had come a little closer under the wings of the fort, as the grass is tall, and the redskins don't have the habit of sleeping well of nights."

Getting more particular directions as to the location of the small settlement where Edward Barbour was living, Stannard promised to call on his return southward, and they separated.

According to promise, Captain Stannard swung a little from his course so as to stop the night at B——, with his old friend.

"By George!" remarked Barbour, at the table, where the pioneer's homely but hearty, sweet and digestable fare was bounteously spread; "an Eastern mail came in safely to-day, and Uncle Henry has lots of news. I thought that we had all the murders this way, but Eastern cities show a weak rivalry of our section. There is a heavy bank robbery in Brooklyn, and no clue to the perpetrators of the deed. The boldest thing, uncle writes, that was ever heard of. The cashier caught up out of his own house and bed, his wife in an adjoining apartment with a sick child, is interviewed and intimidated by an accomplice, while the cashier is waited upon to the bank, where he is forced to unlock the safe for them."

"But," said Mrs. Barbour, "where is the police at such times?"

"Bought off, or asleep on their posts," returned her husband; "and, Stannard, they need you there. Why did you leave the detective corps?"

"Perhaps I have not," returned the visitor, pointedly.

"Ah, explain?"

"What is the date of your letter?"

"June 30th. Bah! it's played truant on the way, hasn't it? I was so impatient for the contents, and my relative straggles about so over the paper, that I caught a glimpse of the *J* and the figures, and thought that it was the present month."

"I came West, I think—I fear—on a false trail. I was sure that I continued to find some traces until I reached Kearney City, since which time I have run wild. You understand," Stannard went on, "that I am following those fellows."

Barbour for a few moments sat absorbed in thought. His forehead was unpleasantly contracted above his eyes, he gnawed his lip in extreme perplexity.

At last he sprang to his feet with the startling ejaculation:

"My God! what am I to think or to fear? My brain fairly reels."

His wife, in alarm, came around to his side.

"Edward, what has happened?"

"Uncle Henry writes," he returned, "at the close of his letter: 'Your sister Elsie starts West to-day. She has been determined for months to seek you at Fort H——, as her love of adventure and her self-will are proverbial, you need blame neither your aunt nor myself. We would gladly have persuaded her of the risk and danger of the fool-hardy undertaking, but she would not be convinced. I shall witness her embarkation on this journey with sinking spirits.'"

"And she should have been here as soon as the letter," said his wife, unthinkingly.

"As soon as the letter? Why, Ellen, do you not understand that the letter is weeks behind hand. What am I to conjecture?"

"That she changed her mind, Edward. Do not excite yourself so upon probabilities."

"I know her disposition. She never advanced thus far in any plan, as my uncle describes her in this, and then retreated. Some dreadful fate has overtaken my only and idolized sister."

Beads of perspiration appeared upon the young man's forehead, and at that moment, glancing towards his guest, something in Stannard's dilated eyes and quivering muscles added certainty to his terror.

"Are you ill?" he questioned, springing to his side; "or what am I to conjecture?"

"Was your sister of medium height, well-rounded figure, gray eyes, and an arch expression of face; with vivacious manners?"

"You have described Elsie better than I could have done—but, where is she?"

Stannard shook his head.

"I do not know," he replied. "If I am correct in identifying her, I have sad news for you, Edward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMAN FOOD.

A glance at the customary food of nations shows that man exercises his gastronomical powers upon an astonishing variety of subjects. Not many of these should we be willing to make popular among ourselves. Let us suppose that some philanthropic gourmands are going on a tour of culinary discovery. First, then, they may dine with the Esquimax on a field of ice, and be treated to candles as a particularly delicious dish, with a slice of seal by way of something solid. Or they will find their plates loaded with the liver of the walrus. They may vary their dinner by helping themselves to a lump of whale-meat, red, and coarse and rancid, but very toothsome to an Esquimaux, notwithstanding!

If they sat down at a Greenlander's table, they would find it loaded, or to use the fashionable expression, "groaning under" a dish of half-putrid whale's tale, which has been lauded as a savory matter, not dissimilar in flavor to cream cheese! Walrus tongue is also a dainty, and the liver of porpoise makes a Greenlander's mouth water. They may finish their repast with a slice of reindeer or a roasted rat, and drink the host's health in a bumper of train oil.

If their fastidious taste will not allow them to rest content with these varieties of Arctic fare, they may go further and fare worse. In South America, for instance, Fashion recognizes a notable dish in the tongue of the sea-lion. "We cut off," says a curious traveler, "the tip of the tongue hanging out of the mouth of the sea-lion just killed. About sixteen or eighteen of us ate each a pretty large piece, and we all thought it so good that we regretted that we could not eat more of it."

In Honduras the mantau, or sea-cow, is a staple dish for the table, though new settlers cannot at first overcome the striking resemblance to man. The female has hands and holds its young up to its breast precisely as a human mother would. We fear, therefore, that mantau would be objected to by our gourmands.

A traveler who has visited the Sandwich Islands asserts that, at a house or hut where on one occasion he dined, near every place at a table was a plump young dog; and its flesh was so much relished by his liberal palate, that he speaks of it as combining the peculiar excellences of lamb and pork. These Sandwich dogs are fed with peculiar nicety, and are considered fit for market when two years old. The mode in which they are cooked is somewhat peculiar. A hole is dug in the ground large enough to contain the puppy; a good fire is made in this hole, and large stones cast into it to remain until red hot. You then pile these red hot stones about the sides and bottom, throw in leaves of odorous plants, and lay the dog, well cleaned and carefully prepared, upon the glowing stones. More leaves, more stones, and finally some earth, are heaped upon the smoking dainty, until the oven becomes, as it were, hermetically sealed. The meat of these puppies, when done, is full of delicious juices.

CELEBRATED MANIACS.

Dr. Winslow, in his celebrated work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain," seems inclined to think that many historical characters, "celebrated either for their crimes, brutality, tyranny, or vice, were probably of unsound mind, and that in many undetected, unrecognised, unperceived mental disease, in all probability, arose from cerebral irritation, or physical ill-health."

Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, the debauchee and drunkard, who treated his children with marked cruelty, compelling them to eat the most unwholesome and disgusting food, and crowned his brutality by spitting into it, suffered from hypochondriasis and great mental depression, once attempting suicide.

Judge Jeffries was tortured by a cruel internal malady, aggravated by intemperance.

Damien persisted in declaring that had he been bled in the morning, as he wished, he never would have attempted the assassination of Louis XV.

Caligula commenced his reign with mildness, and it was after a violent attack of bodily illness, he began his career of cruelty, vice, and crime.

Frequently, long before an attack of insanity is clearly defined, the patient admits he is under the influence of certain vague apprehensions, undefinable misgivings, and anxious suspicions as to the sane character of his emotions. Such sad doubts, fearful apprehensions, mysterious, inexplicable forebodings, and distressing misgivings as to the healthy condition of the mind, often induce the heart-broken sufferer, convulsed with pain, and choking with anguish, prayerfully, and in accents of wild and frenzied despair, to ejaculate with King Lear:

"Oh! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;
Keep me in temper—I would not be mad."

Dean Swift had a singular presentiment of his imbecility. Dr. Young, walking one day with Dean Swift, some short distance from Dublin, suddenly missed the dean, who had lagged behind. He found him at a distance, gazing in a solemn state of abstraction at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted by a hurricane. He directed Dr. Young's attention to the summit of the tree, and, heaving a heavy sigh, exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree—I shall die at the *top* first."

WHEN HE COMES HOME.

BY R. P. KING.

When he comes home, what a new world springs
Up from the gray earth soil!
A world of blossoms, of leaf and fruit,
But never a word of toil.
The birds sing gaily from bough to bough,
They thread the unquiet air
With an endless echo of happy song,
And never a thought of care.

When he comes home, how the brooks run by
With a ripple of silver speech!
The bright waves laugh as they wander on,
Where the sunlit meadows reach.
Each bush and tree bend low to catch
The secret whispered there,
There's music in laughter, and light of love,
And merriment everywhere.

When he comes home—ah, when he comes home,
Home to your happy heart—
Care fades away, and sorrow learns
The magic of joy's glad art.
Your eyes grow brighter, your pale cheeks flush
With the rose of the new-born day;
For 'tis sunshine only when he comes home,
And night when he goes away.

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. II, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE INDIAN ADVANCE.

The Indians had been undoubtedly reinforced. Not only their boldness showed this, but their ubiquity. They seemed to appear at once on every side of the town. Now they were reported in sight from Simes' ranche to the east. Now a demonstration had been made against White's, two miles westward. The woods to the south were reported full of them.

It seemed to be their intention to distract their enemy by surrounding the town, and acting against every portion of it at once.

The frightened farmers were coming in, with their families, abandoning their household wealth to the mercy of the savages.

Here and there a bolder one remained, determined to protect his habitation at all hazards, from what would probably be but a hasty raid.

The soldiers were disposed in squads at stations a mile or two beyond the suburbs of the town, their ranks much augmented by armed citizens.

It was a difficult problem with which Colonel Brownson had to cope. There was more in this than a mere blind onset of the savages. They were commanded by a man of known shrewdness and military skill, and who was undoubtedly bent on doing his foes all the harm possible.

It was not safe then to push the troops out in desultory attacks. It was necessary even to leave some of the outlying ranches to the mercy of the savages. Colonel Brownson was satisfied that the object of the Indian chief was to divide the troops, and draw them out beyond the power of mutual support. He would then probably concentrate his own force on one point and make a sudden and desperate attack on the town.

It was necessary, therefore, to keep the troops well in hand, and ready for concentration at any point.

Scouts had been sent out after the companies who were supposed to be in the region of the Angelina, pursuing a blind trail of the wily savages.

One of these messengers had returned, unable to pass the Indian line. Another had remained out, but whether he had got through or not was a doubtful matter.

Colonel Brownson was a good soldier, and after his first excitement remained cool and ready for any emergency.

He was in his office, in company with the members of the court-martial, when the baffled scout returned.

"They're just like leaves on the trees, colonel," he said. "I tramped half round the town, and tried them at ten different pints, but I raised a scalplock at every pint. Couldn't squeeze through. Come in on the run, with five of the red beggars after me. Had to peg out lively, now, I tell you."

"What became of Mason?"

"He broke off from me, and struck for the woods at a place I wouldn't venture. I saw redskins rise on him, and I doubt if he wasn't gobbled."

"Very well, my man," replied the colonel. "Were you north of the town?"

"No. I've heered the Injuns haven't showed themselves much there. It might be a good venture."

"That is where I fear them," said the colonel, to his brother officers. "This appearance in force on the other sides of the town I take to be a feint. They wish to draw our forces in that direction, and set them at watching the wood. Strike south again," he continued, to the scout. "I fancy you will find the woods empty now in that quarter; or only an Indian here and there to keep up the deception. If you can break through, you know your instructions."

"All right, colonel; I'm doubtful, but I'll try," said the scout, leaving the room.

"All their demonstrations have been made to the south, and along the upper and lower line of the stream," said the colonel. "We have hardly heard of them from the north. That, I take it, is the dangerous point, I have most of the troops in that direction, and the rest well in hand."

"Do you not think your informants have exaggerated the numbers of the Indians," asked the other colonel.

"Not likely. They would not have been so daring unless they were in force. The first party was probably sent down to feel our strength, and they have had heavy reinforcements."

"They will not stand an attack in force," said the major.

"If we only knew where to strike," replied Colonel Brownson. "I would not fear them if I could trace them. But while I am preparing in one direction, they may strike in another."

He was interrupted by the hasty entrance of an officer, who had just sprung from his horse at the door.

"The Indians are in force in front of Captain David's company," he cried. "They have driven in the picket line, and are pouring a heavy fire into the troops."

"As I thought," exclaimed the colonel, "The attack is from the north. Is your horse fresh, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then ride for the stations below the town. Bring up all the troops they can spare at double quick. Will you ride to the point of attack, gentlemen?"

The others signified their willingness, and in five minutes the party were mounted and away.

We will precede them and see what had really occurred at the point in question. The company stationed here did not exceed fifty men in number. They were about two miles beyond the town, and just beyond the clearings. In front of them was a field of low shrubbery, and beyond that the line of the dark forest.

Between them and the town the country was cultivated, there being several substantial farm-houses within a mile of their position.

All morning, and until the sun had long passed its zenith height, the wood before them was quiet, no noises being heard save those native to the forest, no living form visible more dangerous than a squirrel.

The soldiers lounged lazily around in the warm spring afternoon, trusting to their pickets for protection. Even the latter had grown somewhat careless from their long immunity, and failed to perceive the dusky forms that suddenly appeared in the forest before them. Yet the wood was filled with them, creeping stealthily on from tree to tree, and crawling through the shrubbery that bordered the forest.

The discharge of a rifle in the hands of a more vigilant sentinel first gave the alarm. He had caught a glimpse of a dark form, nearly hidden in the bushes. The rifle shot was followed by a startling yell, and with magic quickness, a host of red warriors burst into sight, leaping with long strides for the position of the troops, and firing as they advanced.

The soldiers were taken utterly at a disadvantage. The pickets fell back, after hastily discharging their rifles, and the main body of troops were not slow to follow their example.

There was something truly terrifying in the wild whoops of the savages, and in the demon-like looks of the crowd of half-naked warriors, who rushed with brandished hatchets and ready knives on the surprised soldiers.

Several of the latter had fallen in the first volley of their foes. The remainder retired hastily backward, keeping up a desultory fire that did little harm.

The attacking party out-numbered them four to one, and their retreat bade fair to be a flight.

Fortunately, at no great distance behind them, stood a strong frame farm house. It had been deserted by its occupants, and the door stood invitingly open.

Captain David, who had sought in vain to stop the panic that possessed his men, made a more successful effort to rally them around this building.

It offered an inviting shelter to the frightened soldiers, and they rushed madly into the open door, only partly recovering their senses when the thick walls deadened the terrible yells of the savages.

"To the windows, men!" cried the captain. "Close them in, or guard them with your rifles. We have the best of the noisy hounds now. Treat them to a dose of lead and they won't be so eager."

He seconded his words by cutting down a brawny savage who was climbing in at an open window.

The flying family had gone in such haste, that windows and doors alike stood open, and a dozen Indians had entered the house before the soldiers fairly began to defend themselves.

The inspiring tones of their brave captain, and the efforts of a few veterans who seconded him, succeeded in restoring some confidence to the men, and a desperate hand conflict succeeded, in which knives, pistols, tomahawks and rifles alike bore their part.

The soldiers were forced slowly back, before the fierce onset, and the increasing numbers of the Indians. The floors were already slippery with blood, and the efforts of the combatants were impeded by the dead and wounded bodies encumbering the rooms.

The soldiers had one advantage. They had possession of the stair leading to the second story. Their foes made a strong effort to gain this important point, but Captain David massed a number of his men around the foot of the steps and fought back his foes.

Others of the soldiers occupied the stairs and fired into the crew of struggling demons below. Still others had ascended to the upper rooms, and were firing down on those of the savages who ranged round the house, unable to enter.

This fire was returned with interest, a storm of bullets penetrating the windows and traversing the rooms.

The incessant firing had attracted the attention of the neighboring bodies of troops, and two or three small squads could be seen hastily approaching the scene of conflict.

They were too far distant to be of any aid to their companions, whose need of relief was immediate and pressing.

The Indians had also been reinforced. They seemed now to number some three hundred in all, and a part of their force advanced to meet the coming troops, hoping, probably, to cut them off in detail.

The stalwart form of Colonel Bowles was visible in the midst of the savages, directing their every movement. More than one rifle bullet had been aimed at him, but he stood unharmed.

The soldiers, desperately as they fought, were still forced backward into the house.

Nearly all the lower floor was now in possession of the savages, the whites being driven to the stairs and the upper rooms.

The narrow flight of steps gave them an advantage they had not before possessed. Their captain headed them, fighting desperately from this pass, and staying the onset of the Indians almost with his single arm.

But a yet greater danger threatened them. The savages had brought another of their weapons into service. An ominous light flashed from one of the lower rooms. A faint smoke was beginning to creep up the stairway.

"They have fired the house!" cried the terror-stricken voice of one of the soldiers who had not yet recovered from his panic.

It was too true. Captain David beheld with alarm the strengthening light. The smoke was already annoying.

Confident of success, many of the Indians without had dispersed to the plunder of adjoining farmhouses, unheeding, with savage want of discipline, the orders of their chief.

Others had gone to meet the advancing troops, and to intercept a small party of horsemen who were rapidly approaching from the town.

Enough remained, however, in and around the building, to outnumber the despairing troops within. It seemed their object to keep them confined in the burning building, or to give them a choice of death by knife, bullet, or fire.

Captain David fully recognized the peril, and led a fierce charge of the more self-possessed of his men down the stairs, hoping to cut through the line of savages, and make their escape.

The latter slowly retired before them, emerging from the building by a single open door. All the windows and the other doors had been closed. Ere any of the whites could reach the open air, this door, too, was suddenly closed, and fastened from without.

They were fairly caged within the building, every door and window barricaded by the savages, and the smoke gathering in suffocating volumes.

It was death to stay longer here. They fled hastily for the stairs, heedless of the cries of the wounded, knowing that they could not survive a minute in the dense smoke that surrounded them.

The air in the upper rooms was yet free in a measure from smoke, and they gained a brief respite of life. Their danger, however, continued terrible, and a sense of despair possessed their minds. They dared not even approach one of the windows, if they would not form the targets for a dozen bullets.

It seemed as if a dreadful death was their inevitable doom.

Their foes appeared to have the same thought, for their unceasing yells were full of triumph. The caged soldiers could hear rifle reports in the distance, telling them that their friends were fully engaged. Every hope of rescue or escape seemed lost.

Suddenly a new cry rose even above the Indian yells. The stirring American hurrah, and a volley of rifle shots rang out below them. The tone of the Indian whoops was changed. Evidently a new act of the drama had commenced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RISING ABOVE DISCOURAGEMENT.

There is always a way out of discouragement. Conviction that our course is right, constancy of purpose, an invincible determination never to submit or yield, and a calm reliance on Divine Providence may sustain us in a lofty attitude. If we will wait with patience for the element of time to work in our affairs, the difficulties may disappear of themselves, and we find a clear path where we had anticipated only insurmountable obstacles.

Discouragement oftenest overtakes those whose lives pass in the petty details of commonplace existence. The mother whose narrow round of duty confines her to the range of two or three rooms; the primary teacher whose life passes in the monotony of the school-room; the mechanic whose days are filled with activity that never varies—these typical individuals find it hard to keep buoyant, hopeful, fresh and resolute. But this is what they must do or dwindle into ciphers.

This current is not so difficult to set in motion as many people think. Instead of suffering the mind, while busy with routine work, to dwell on trifles, on petty troubles, or to drift whither it will, let some subject of interest occupy it.

Of all things, when the mood of discouragement overtakes one, he should think of anything and everything else than his own troubles, and more than this, should take measures at once to follow new currents of thought and feeling. Sometimes the mood is purely the result of bodily conditions, and requires for its cure sleep, or exercise in the open air, or change of diet, or simply waiting till it passes away of itself. When it springs from causes not connected with the body, then the cure must be spiritual or intellectual. An intensely interesting novel, visitation among the poor, constant intercourse with fresh minds, change of scene, travel, the study of a science new to the patient, anything that will absorb the brain and keep it from consuming itself is good medicine.

The world is full of sunshine and beauty. "It is right, meet, and our bounden duty" that we should open our hearts to all the soothing, healing, invigorating influences of the sky that bends over us in changing love, the balmy air, the happy chirp of innumerable insects, the ten thousand voices with which nature speaks to him whose ears are opened to receive her gentle teachings.

BAD MEMORIES.

The human memory is proverbially a leaky vessel, and sometimes, like a filter, it retains the refuse of the matter committed to its keeping, and suffers the more valuable portion to escape. Often in writing or speaking—more especially in speaking—we vainly ransack the "chambers of the brain" for a much needed word, while fifty other words that we do not want obtrusively suggest themselves. There are specialties in forgetfulness which are exceedingly annoying, and make the parties afflicted by them look like fools in society. Yet these unfortunate peculiarities do not necessarily imply mental weakness. Persons of extraordinary intelligence have been known to forget their own names, and there are others who are as oblivious of dates as if they had never seen a numeral. Blessed are they who can always find a word or phrase appropriate to the occasion. A prehensile memory that clings like an ape's tail to whatever it embraces, is truly a great gift; and yet the faculty may belong to a simpleton incapable of usefully applying anything that it remembers. We have seen prodigies of retrospection who were absolutely good for nothing except for purposes of reference. Let no one who cannot "find words" when he wants them, and the right words, too, ever attempt the *role* of orator. He will infallibly break down. In writing, one can afford to wait for the truant symbol of thought to return to its place in the mental vocabulary, or take time to hunt for a substitute; but that sort of thing will not do in the face of an expectant audience. If you flounder, they laugh, or perhaps hiss, and then where are you?

A WOMAN'S friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts, while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

WIDOWED.

BY SUSANNA J.

No more on earth, however long the journey,
However hard may be thy changing lot;
The sky is dark, the path is wild and thorny,
And thou art weary—but it matters not.

No more on earth the fond and faithful guiding,
The deep affection—these are things no more.
Fall the harsh bitterness of strangers' chiding
On ears that heard but loving tones of yore.

A little while Love's tender hand hath led thee
Among the roses and the hawthorne blooms;
With purest manna Joy's full hand hath fed thee,
And then the pathway ended—at a tomb.

No more on earth! O faint of heart and lonely!
The days to meet, their burdens all to bear,
The tears to be repressed! God knoweth only
How much there is to tempt thee to despair!

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadowed by the growing hour."

It is morning; the sisters are preparing to go home. Nellie is dressing herself in the clothes with which, by sisterly foresight, Jennie has brought with her. Her cheeks are flushed, her eyes glow with wonderful brilliancy; her movements are hasty and tremulous.

Jennie is carrying on rather an unsuccessful war with the baby. He objects to being dressed.

"Dear little fellow," she says, when at last, his troubles all over, he sinks to sleep in her arms. "We will make life one long May-day for him, when we get him home. We will surround him with flowers and sunshine and music; and he shall never know the sorrow of being blind. We will make him so happy that he will never know the difference betwixt light and darkness."

Nellie looks at him wistfully, as he lies in her sister's lap.

"I wish," she says, brokenly, "I wish you would make me a promise. I wish you would promise to always love him, and care for him just as you do now—if anything were to happen to me."

"But nothing will happen to you now," answers Jennie. "There is to be no more trouble, you foolish child. No more running away, nor doubt. You are to stay at home and be happy; and as for baby, God will not let a blind child suffer," she finishes, solemnly.

Nellie turns away a little sadly. She finishes the rather difficult task of dressing. It was an operation she used to get through with very easily in olden days. But now she has to sit down and rest several times, and always with her hand to her heart.

"It does very well, does it not?" she asks of Jennie. "I am not so very much changed, after all. Do you think Charles will see any difference now?"

"You are like a picture—only you are a thousand times prettier than any picture," Jennie answers, affectionately kissing her. "But are you sure you are quite strong enough for this?"

Nellie drops into a chair suddenly, with her hand on her side. Her cheeks flush hotly red one moment, the next they are very white.

"I believe I am not quite so strong as I ought to be," she says, her words coming gaspingly.

Her head drops on her breast, and she leans forward on the table. Jennie, her heart fairly stopping its pulsations, flies after water. At the first taste of it, Nellie revives. She sits up; the color comes back to her lips and cheeks.

"Are you better now? Are you quite recovered?" Jennie asks, her fears only partially allayed.

"Yes! oh, yes, quite! That is," doubtfully, as she tries to stand, "I feel just a little weak yet, and if you don't mind, I will lie down and rest."

Her eyes close drowsily, and as Jennie puts a pillow under her head, she drops off to sleep.

She sleeps till the last moment. Sleeps undisturbed, while Jennie finishes the packing, while the baby is, with many final struggles, arrayed in his traveling habiliments and confided to the tender mercies of the maid; nothing of the conflict penetrates to her dulled senses; her breath comes and goes evenly, a smile of childlike sweetness curves her lovely lips.

Karl Henderson comes in; he gives one glance at her and then stands back; his eyes meet those of Jennie, fixed on him, and each confess a mutual fear. The great traveling-carriage is at the door—soft, luxurious, comfortable. They are going to make the journey, which is not a long one, in state. But this is more on Nellie's account, since she is too feeble to endure the jar and wear of a railway ride.

Everything is in readiness, and still she sleeps.

"It is the reaction, after long excitement," says the doctor. "I have feared it all along. When the tide turned it would sweep her away," he mutters to himself.

"Could you not give her some preparation—something to take in case her strength should fail?" asks Henderson, making one of the anxious circle about the sleeper.

"It would be of small use," says the doctor, curtly. "Nevertheless, I can try it."

He goes to his medicine box. He comes back with the mixture, in a small vial, just as Nellie opens her eyes.

"Where am I? Have we got home?" she asks, in some confusion.

"No, dear; we are not quite home yet," answers Jennie.

The doctor gives her the mixture. She drinks it, then seeing old Phœbe standing at a little distance, with tears shining on her ruddy, wrinkled cheeks, she runs forward and flings her arms about the old lady's neck.

"Phœbe! Phœbe!" she cries, hysterically. "I have been so happy here with you! I don't want to leave you! Let me stay here!"

"Nellie, dear," says Jennie's grave voice, reproachfully.

"I can't help it! I want Phœbe with me!" says Nellie, sobbing. "If Phœbe would but go with me, I should be content."

But the old lady shakes her gray head firmly.

Old Phœbe presses the bright head to her bosom; she kisses over and over the plentitude of golden love-locks that hide the sweet face resting on her heart.

"My child, don't urge me now; through all these years I have waited, and kept the door open by which she, my lost daughter, might return. She may be near me, now; aye, who can tell."

The brave old eyes lift heavenward a moment and then fall, dim with dusking tears.

Henderson starts, and flashes on her a strange, eager look, but still he does not speak.

"She may return," the brave old voice rings out, a sob of hope breaking through it—the faithful hope of many years gone by. "And if she should come, but to find the door shut and the house empty, who can tell then whither her erring footsteps might not stray?"

So they leave her to keep her lonely watch. The good-byes are all spoken; some of them are very hard to say.

"I shall come back to see you next summer," says Nellie, looking rather wistfully into the doctor's face, after she has modestly saluted his weather-beaten cheek. "Do you think you will have a welcome for me?"

"Bless us all!" says the doctor, pretending to blow his nose on a big silk handkerchief, but secretly wiping his eyes instead. "Do you think, child, that you could go anywhere and not be sure of a welcome?"

They get into the carriage, Jenny, Nellie, Mr. Henderson, the maid with the baby. They are quite a traveling party.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" and old Phœbe Rink is alone.

She stands long at the gate watching them. The driver whips up his horses and they dash smoothly down the long white ribbon-like road winding among the hills. Sometimes they disappear in patches of greenwood, then they come out again on the green upland. They go up and down, like a ship at sea tossed on the waves. Finally they disappear and come into sight no more.

"Good-bye! good-bye."

Old Phœbe Rink goes back into her lonely house. Never, for many a year, has there been an hour when it seemed so lonely to her as it does now.

She goes to her room, and stands for a long time before the picture of her boys. She clasps her hands over her heart, looking at them.

"My boys! oh, my boys!"

The grand old head uplifts proudlier than ever before; a thrill of the old-time courage comes to her. They died such noble deaths!

She turns from them to that other picture shrouded in black. The brave old voice falters now as she murmurs a word of prayer ere she draws the curtain back. It is the first time since she shrouded it that she has looked upon that hidden face. But something stirs her heart to-day, she cannot tell what it is, and tells her that her watch is ended.

"Is it that my work is done?" she asks herself calmly. "It may be so, for I feel aged and worn—oh, terribly aged and worn to-day."

She looks long and tenderly at that beautiful face that fronts her. The great, dusky purplish eyes smile brightly back into hers; the red lips curve slightly as if they were shaping themselves into a phrase of greeting. One large white hand is lifted with perfect grace to push back the mass of warm purplish-black hair waving low upon the smooth, broad forehead.

"My daughter!" cries the old woman, piteously, "come back—oh, come back to me!"

The sound of her own voice frightens her; the house is so still. She drops the curtain and steals softly back to the parlor; her limbs, for some unknown reason, totter and fail under her.

The outer door stands wide open, as she left it. The lilacs swing their purple clusters of blossoms, and meet overhead in an arch. Under this arch, without the door, on the stone step, stand two figures—a man and a woman.

Old Phœbe looks at them. Her heart gives one quick, fierce beat; then it seems to stand still.

"Mother!" says the voice without the door; the woman's voice—"Mother!"

Old Phœbe reaches out her hands; she gropes blindly.

"Who was it that speaks that word?" she asks, huskily. "Who is it that calls me mother?"

"Mother!" says the voice again. "Mother, I have returned to you; have you a welcome for me? Have you any welcome for one like me?"

Old Phœbe shivers; she drops into a chair; the brave old head bends low upon her bosom.

"Reine," she whispers, "is it you, my child?" Have you come back to me at last?"

"I have come back!" The woman without the door stretches out her arms. "Oh, mother, take me home, give me a welcome here."

"Give you a welcome!" Old Phœbe reaches out her weak, old, trembling arms. "Reine, I have waited for you—for twelve long years I have waited, praying night and day that you might return. Come, oh, my darling, come!"

She stretches out her arms—"Come! come!"

The woman, still without the door, falls on her knees.

"Oh, mother! take my hand; lead me back to you through this door—over this threshold which I crossed when I went away from you in sorrow and in shame. Oh, mother, take my hand in yours and lead me home."

It is so still—so still there in that quiet sunlit room, as her voice dies away. Old Phœbe rises to her feet; she gives a gasping cry, and totters forward.

"My child! oh, my child!"

The lilac blossoms shake their purple petals down on Reine Henderson's bowed bare head as she kneels there on the stone. Keith folds his arms, and turns his face, looking out over the quiet hills into the pearly, silent heaven beyond.

Is the great, careless, world-worn and weary heart touched by his wife's passionate remorse? Does he feel any pain of regret over his own wasted life as, after years of stormy adventure in foreign lands, he comes back and breathes the air and treads the hill-side paths that knew him when a boy. Does he? Ah! who shall say?

Old Phœbe, groping blindly, reaches the kneeling figure; she takes the upreached hands; she lifts with wistful care the crouching, trembling form, and guides it, as she would a child, over the threshold into the familiar room.

"Home at last!" The brave old voice is clear and calm as if in prayer. "Oh, my child, I thank God that you have come back to me at last."

Reine winds her arms about her mother's neck; she rests her beautiful head upon her mother's breast.

"Oh, mother!" she sobs, "I am glad you love me, for I am very lonely. Mother, mother, I need your love—I need your prayers."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Good-bye, old house!" cried Nellie, standing up in the carriage that she may get a last glimpse of the old rose-twined porch and the towering chimneys. "Good-bye, old Phœbe! We have left behind us one of the noblest souls that ever breathed," she continued, with tearful earnestness.

They relapsed into silence. It is such a beautiful day, bright and sunny; the birds sing; the woods and fields are fresh with summer's unfaded greenery. They bowl smoothly along the hard, broad highway; the farm-houses stand with doors and windows wide open, letting in the breath of new blown, clustering roses; the brown-cheeked laborers pause in their tasks in the rich ploughed grain fields to look at them as they whirl by.

Nellie gets her spirits back as she sits up and looks about her. Her cheeks flush rosily; her eyes gleam softly with a new interest in the things about her.

"It is good to be alive and happy, on such a day as this," she says. "The sunshine makes one feel ready to take out a new lease of life."

"Are you happy?" asks Henderson, looking at her steadily.

Nellie feels a sting under the careless question; nevertheless, she answers readily enough:

"Happy? Ah, yes, I am quite happy, that is, I am *almost* happy."

The bright color fades out of her face, the exhilaration out of her manner. She is *almost* happy. Not quite. Which of us all ever *is* quite happy in this world? The most perfectly rounded bliss presents some angle; one hour of wildest joy is dashed with some alloy of incompleteness.

The bright day passes, is almost gone. Nellie, who is drowsing, opens her eyes suddenly.

"I am so tired. Jenny, would you object to changing places, and letting me sleep? I am afraid I shall not be able to ride much farther."

Jenny does not object. She crosses over and Henderson takes her place. But as they exchange seats, they exchange glances, as well, and each reads in the other's eyes an ever-gathering fear.

They reach at sunset the village where they are to stop over night, and where Henderson's route diverges from theirs, down the river.

Nellie is sleeping peacefully. Her breath comes evenly, but her face is very pale. As the carriage stops in front of the hotel, she starts up and looks about her with a quick glance of fear. Her voice shakes tremulously when she speaks.

"Are you going to leave us? Well, farewell, till we meet again at home."

Little indeed did Nellie or Karl Henderson dream that this farewell was prophetic, and that their hopes of meeting again on this side the grave were fated never to be realized!

He takes her hand and reverently raises it to his lips.

"Not farewell, Nellie," he says. "May I not meet you again?"

"'Twere best we part here," says Nellie. "My punishment has already been greater than I can bear."

And thus 'twas fated they should part.

They all go into the hotel together. The baby is carried, and Nellie also, being too weak to walk.

She lies on the sofa in the parlor. The room is unlighted, save for the great, white, wandering moon that peeps in through the parted curtains.

Nellie is very quiet. She leans her head on her sister's breast like a tired child as they carry her up the stairs and leave her in her room.

They start on their journey again late the next morning. The nurse, with baby, goes down first and gets into the carriage.

Nellie starts to follow with Jennie, but suddenly falters.

"Oh!" she cries, and drops down in a dead faint.

A physician, who happens to be passing, comes in and applies restoratives. He looks at the group, wonderingly.

"Is she going far?" he asks.

His voice is very grave.

"Only a little distance," Jennie answers, through her tears. "Oh, we must get her that far—then we can take care of her. She is going home."

"She's almost there," the doctor answers, curtly, as he turns away. "She will soon be home!"

But she is apparently much better when she opens her eyes.

"Go on!" she repeats, in answer to their doubts. "Of course we will go on. I am quite strong now. Let us go on without delay."

So they pursue their way. But, as they draw near home, as they measure the last mile, there is a slight confusion. They meet an old man, a very old man, coming forward on a servant's arm. His white hair falls upon his shoulders. He hurries on with trembling steps.

"Is my darling here?" he cries, eagerly. "Has she come back to me?"

The carriage stops. He comes up to the door. He stretches out his trembling old arms. His faded eyes flash with his youth's lost fire.

"My darling! Come to me, my darling!"

He reaches Nellie, and clasps her to his heart. He kisses the thin, white face, the great plenty of golden love-locks on his darling's fair, bowed head. He looks into her eyes, while his own are blind with streaming tears. How broken, and aged, and worn he seems to be.

"You have come back," he murmurs. "You have come home at last! But you are so white—so worn. Why are you so changed?"

"You have forgiven me?" she whispers, her arm about his neck.

"Forgive you! Oh, my darling! It is you who have need to forgive me—to forgive me for letting you suffer like this," he answers.

She draws back wearily. The old man gets into the carriage. His gaze falls on the child, and he looks at Nellie with a face brightened by divine love.

"You have brought me our child!" he says. "This atones for all!"

"He is blind!" she cries, piteously. "Blind! our baby is blind!"

And, burying her face in her hands, she rocks back and forth; in a burst of stormy tears.

"Hush!" he answers. "Do not grieve, Nellie. We will love him so much, that he will never know the sorrow of blindness."

The old man, bending his white head, kisses the sightless eyes with reverent tenderness.

"We will make our boy happy, Nellie."

They start on their journey again. Mr. Childerssohn holds the child with proud fondness on his knees, while Nellie drowses fitfully, with her head on his shoulder.

As they stop at the gate of their home—the home from which she has been absent such a weary time—she rouses up.

"Are we home?" she asks. She looks with wide, wild eyes about her, and puts her hand to her heart. "Oh, where is my husband? Has he left me? Is he gone?"

"No, no! my darling!" answers Mr. Childerssohn, as he gives the child into Jennie's hands. "I am here. We will never be separated again—never!"

She flushes, falters, and falls back.

Mr. Childerssohn stretches out his arms with a cheery smile.

"Come, my darling," he says, joyfully. "Come; you are home now—your wanderings are all over. You will be happy now."

Nellie rises to her feet. In her hot cheeks the blood burns even hotter for a moment, and then flows back upon her heart.

"I am so tired!" she sighs. "Oh, I am so tired!"

Mr. Childerssohn lifts her out. The golden head falls heavily on his shoulder.

"Where is my husband?" she whispers, with wandering eyes. "Tell him—tell him——"

The words die away. Her voice falters so faintly they cannot hear.

"What is it?" the old man answers, anxiously. "I am here with you. We shall not be parted again. What is it that you wish to tell me?"

"To—to—take care of our boy." Her eyelids fall. "Don't let him suffer."

She opens her blue eyes. Green fields and waving wood and that circle of anxious, loving faces. Oh, it is the last time she will see them!

"Am I home—home, now? Remember, oh, my love, remember that I loved you always—I loved you!"

Her head falls softly back on her husband's shoulder.

"Nellie! Nellie! Oh, my darling—my darling!"

Thus the old man brings his darling home.

[THE END.]

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

PRESERVE eggs by a quick dipping in boiling water and packing in fresh salt, small end down.

A THICK paste of strong gum arabic, into which plaster of Paris is stirred, makes an excellent china cement. Apply with a brush and let the articles stand three days.

TO JAPAN old tea trays, scrub clean with soap and water and rottenstone, dry, and apply copal varnish mixed with bronze powder to the denuded parts. Set in an oven at about 300 degrees until dry. Two coats needed.

FLESHWORMS.—Wash the face twice a day with warm water, and rub dry with a coarse towel. Then with a soft towel rub in diluted spirits of wine, or use a lotion made of two ounces of white brandy, one ounce of cologne, and half an ounce of liquor potassa.

A GOOD lubricator for wooden axles is made of six parts of clean tallow and two parts of fine smooth plumbago. Another is made of five parts of tallow, five parts of soapstone, one part of plumbago and nine parts of rosin oil; the tallow and the oil are heated and mixed, after which the soapstone and plumbago are added.

STUFF FOR WHOOPING COUGH OR CROUP.—Take two ounces of pulverized alum, put into a half-pint bottle of soft water, fill in all the loaf sugar that will dissolve; shake before using. Give from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to the age, when the spasm is coming on. For croup, a teaspoonful once in fifteen minutes relieves very soon.

SUCH articles as collars, cuffs, etc., which require to be made very stiff, should be starched in the following way: Mix a tablespoonful of starch with enough cold water to make it smooth, and turn on enough boiling water to boil it ten minutes, then add a bit of white wax about the size of a three cent piece, and a teaspoonful of alcohol.

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—Inject into the diseased ear a mixture of Castile soap and tepid water. A few drops of glycerine added to it will hasten the cure. To cure ear-ache take a bit of cotton-batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up, and tie it, dip it in sweet oil or glycerine, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel badge over the head to keep it warm.

THE best bedbug poison is a globule of mercury of about the size of a silver five cent piece, thoroughly mingled with the white of an egg, the last previously beaten to a froth. Stop all cracks with putty both of the bed and of the surbase and floor joints of the room, and apply the above mixture with a feather. There is no necessity of washing the bedstead for some time. After washing, however, repeat the above-described operation.

To remove a speck or eyelash from the eye take the upper eyelash between the thumb and finger, and draw the lid completely over the under eyelashes, and gently move it backwards and forwards; any specks in the eye fasten on to the lower fringe, and remain there after having let go the upper. This is a sure plan, and can be adopted anywhere; but it requires some perseverence to acquire it, and should not be given up if the first attempts are unsuccessful.

TO MAKE BIRDLIME.—Boil the middle part of holly bark seven or eight hours in water, drain it, and lay in heaps in the ground, covered with stones or weights, for two or three weeks, till reduced to a mucilage. Beat this in a mortar, wash it in rain-water, and knead it free from extraneous matters. Put it into earthen pots, and in four or five days it will be fit for use. A substitute for birdlime is made by boiling linseed oil for some hours, until it becomes a viscid paste.

BURNS AND FREEZES.—Whatever is good for one is just as good for the other. Cold water or snow will remove the first fire or cold, then essence of peppermint, or a strong solution of alum water, will harden the skin and draw out the pain. Great care should be taken with burns or freezes, not to break or rack up the skin; and never put on drawing poultices, they make a big sore. A cloth with a little mutton tallow or some soft oil spread upon it, will keep out the air and heal it where the skin is torn up.

SCHWANTHALER'S STATUE.

"Rest! that is what you need, dear," said the good little wife of the metal-founder. "Think, here is the fifth day since you have slept, or, indeed, scarcely eaten. Oh, I wish you were a sculptor—a painter! Any one whose work grows under his hand, knows not half the anxiety that you, my poor husband, undergo."

"True, my love, quite true; but I am proud of my power to do what a sculptor nor a painter could never do. It requires some nerve, some self-controlling power, I assure you, to make a mass of such stubborn material as I have to work, melt into a perfect figure."

"And you have that nerve, I know, Wilhelm; but this last grand work, I fear, will tax you too much. But I will not talk to you. Lie down and sleep."

It was now quite dark; but Catherine crept softly to the window, first putting out the light, lest it should waken him, and sat down to watch the brilliant yet fitful glow that lighted up the neighboring roofs and trees, streaming and quivering from the foundry. For it was Schwanthaler who had undertaken to design the great work which King Louis I. had projected—that of erecting at Munich a colossal statue of Bavaria; and it was Muller who had been engaged to carry out the artist's idea.

Schwanthaler had been three years in forming his model. It was in clay, and was sixty-three feet high. The artist was fortunate in finding a metal-founder who could so truly follow out his idea. Muller was a man of large capacity, strong perceptive faculties, and artistic taste. He came to this work with a grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and a resolution to exceed, if possible, the expectations of his principals in the work.

For five days the immense cauldron which held the metal had been constantly watched, the master taxing his brain to ascertain the precise amount that would be required.

There was no judging how long this state of things was to last. The entire mass might not arrive at the boiling point for a week. The air was close and hot, as if a sirocco had passed over the city; and the poor workmen felt its burning breath; yet not a word or groan attested their sufferings.

For them, however, there were intervals of rest—for the master there was no rest, unless the troubled slumber into which he now fell, might be called so. His anxiety had been increased by the after-thought which had occurred to him—the daring attempt to form the whole into one grand figure at once. It was a bold thought, but it was governed by a master mind. Whenever the molten sea began to boil, its flood-gates were to be removed, and its contents would flow into the gigantic mould prepared for its reception. A single inch of vacuum, a single crack, even, and the statue would be ruined.

But Muller slumbered and Agnes watched.

She could distinctly hear the roar of the mighty flame, and every sound struck upon the heart of the devoted little wife; for she knew that her husband's mortification and disappointment, in case of failure, would be intense. And then Muller was not rich, and the pecuniary loss would half ruin him. She thought of the two sweet child-angels, sleeping so calmly in the room above, unknowing the cares that hung wearily about their father; and she got down softly from her seat, and put up a whispered prayer for Wilhelm's success.

As she rose from her knees to resume her watching, the broad glare shone full upon her face. A moment's earnest look and then she rushed to the chair where Wilhelm sat in an uneasy slumber.

"Oh, wake, my husband!" she cried. "The foundry is on fire!"

In a moment Muller was wide awake, and, thinking that if the men should try to extinguish the flames with cold water it would destroy both furnace and metal, he rushed to the door and was gone in an instant.

Another fear seized the wife. In Wilhelm's care for his furnace, might he not expose his life too recklessly? Once she determined to go to the scene of disaster, but the sleeping infants must not be left alone. She had obstinately refused to have a handmaiden in the house, preferring to work for her husband while his labor was so hard. The confinement would have been wearying, had not her light, buoyant spirits triumphed over it.

She ran out into the street, and heard the people mustering to go to the fire. She saw two of the neighbors rush out, and she seized the arm of one and said: "Do nothing until Wilhelm gives the word. I beseech you to remember this, and keep others from tampering with the fire to bring destruction upon his work."

She repeated it to others, and thus assisted in saving her husband from the accident he dreaded. When Muller arrived, he directed the men to put wet cloths upon the roof, to stifle as much as possible the flames, for he saw at once that it could not be extinguished without ruining his work. The whole building was on fire, lighting up the midnight sky, from which the young October moon had long hours ago disappeared. All at once he cried out to the men to let the fire burn, for the metal was beginning to boil.

Breathlessly they waited until the whole teeming mass bubbled up. The burning beams fell around the cauldron, the roof dropped in, and every heart throbbed almost audibly as Muller pulled the great plug that confined the metal, and its torrent of dark fluid gurgled out into the mould.

It was a mighty deed for those rude, unpolished men to do; and they stood with folded arms and solemn countenances gazing upon their work. They then extinguished the remains of the fire, and left the statue in its colossal cradle to harden into perfection. Muller went home, all traces of fatigue or anxiety having left him. It was near morning; but Agnes made him go to bed, where he slept for hours the sweetest sleep he had ever known.

As there had been prayers for the successful issue of the work, so now there was thanksgiving that no accident had marred the joy that was universally expressed. The workmen had been kept from harm, and the noble statue, ten times the height of a man, met the approbation of the king and also its designer. Muller's fortunes were mended by this revelation of his powers, and the little wife grew prouder and prouder of her husband. On the 11th of October they each year held a high festival in commemoration of that eventful night.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE Kindergarten system is to be introduced into the public schools of Milwaukee.

IN the north of Ireland an agreeable beverage is prepared from parsnip roots brewed with hops.

THE income of the two great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge amounts to about $3,720,000 per annum.

AN enterprising Texas newspaper has taken to publishing phrenological charts of the citizens of the town in which it is printed.

THERE are estimated to be in the United States at the present time about 750,000 white men who can neither read nor write.

So we go. A young man in Illinois has actually married his mother-in-law, and they are living happily in the old homestead.

AMONG the Neilgherry hill tribes, in the East Indies, the application of the thumb to the nose is regarded as a high form of respect.

THE *Evangelical Review* of Calcutta states that five thousand converts to Christianity were baptized in India during the year 1873, and one thousand in Burmah.

THE combined armies of the partially independent native rulers in India number 318,000 men, and 5,300 guns, a formidable power, if united in opposition to British rule.

THE English are said to be making little progress in base ball. Whenever one of them hits a ball, he runs away with the bat, and they all keep on smoking while they play.

FEEDING canaries on Cayenne pepper and hard boiled eggs, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of pepper to one egg—a diet which the birds seem thoroughly to enjoy—is said to increase greatly the brilliancy of their plumage.

IN Kansas the coal deposits are found near the surface. When the owner of a deposit wishes to open a coal yard, he sticks up a sign near the spot, "Coal for Sale," and the purchaser digs for himself, and carts away what he wants.

THE Emperor of China, a young boy who had not yet attained his nineteenth year, is dead. There is likely to be a Celestial row over the succession. It is said that he was killed by too much mother-in-law, having only eighty-one wives.

THE English government is dominant over 831,063 square miles of Hindostan, and rule 184,000,000 people; the native chiefs administer no fewer than 565,106 square miles, and claim obedience from 48,000,000 subjects, exclusive of Berar and Mysore.

DOWN in Texas the lowest available piece of money is the five cent nickel coin, and the price of small things is therefore correspondingly high. The *Galveston News*, alluding to the subject, raises a cry for a circulation of one, two, and three cent pieces in its neighborhood.

GENERAL EATON, United States Commissioner of Education, estimates the child population between the ages of six and sixteen in the thirty-seven States and eleven Territories at about 10,288,000. An army of three hundred thousand teachers is needed to educate this host of future freemen.

THERE are four clubs in Boston patronized by ladies, viz., "The New England Woman's Club," "The Saturday Morning Club," "The Brains Club," and "The Young Ladies' Club," the members of which are in general high-toned persons, interested in intellectual and philanthropic matters—no cigars, no champagne.

THE dish-rag plant is one of the many products of the fertile soil of Texas, and is used by the housewives of that remote region for domestic purposes. It grows to a considerable size, and its shape is that of the cucumber. When dry, the outside covering is removed, and the heart, which has certain properties of the sponge, is used as above mentioned.

THERE was received at the dead letter office of the Post Office department on Saturday, a package containing half a dozen snakes, two of them dead, and the remainder alive. One of them is a copperhead, five feet long. The reptiles were inclosed in a tin box, perforated with holes, and were addressed to Germany, but had been stopped at New York on account of insufficient postage.

TWENTY-SIX different kinds of breech-loaders are now in use in the various European armies. Many of these, though belonging to the same system, are made in different patterns, such as the Remington rifle in Sweden, Denmark, and Greece; the Vetterli rifle in Switzerland and Italy; the Snider in England, Turkey, and Holland; and the Dreyse in Germany, Roumania, and Montenegro. The rifle with the smallest calibre is the Vetterli, of 10.4 millimetres. The calibre of the new German Mauser rifle, and also of the Werder rifle, as used by the Bavarian army, is 11 millimetres. The new Dreyse rifle, which is now being tried in the school of musketry at Spandau, is regarded as being in many points even superior to the Mauser. The average rapidity of fire of the above rifles is twelve shots a minute, including the time occupied in taking aim.

A NEW IDEA IN TRANSPORTATION.—We have heard nothing lately of the Brisbane pneumatic tube in Washington, which is to suck and blow "copy" and "proof" and small packages generally between the Government Printing Office and other government offices. But while Brisbane is putting together his tube sections that are constantly collapsing, a Minnesota man has patented a pneumatic tube to which Brisbane's pipe is as the most diminutive popgun to the biggest piece of ordnance ever mounted. The pipe is proposed to be laid from Chicago to New York, with steam engines and fans every twenty miles, and grain is to be sucked and blown through at the rate of nearly a thousand miles an hour. The cost of the tube is estimated at four million dollars, and the capacity four hundred million bushels a year. A charge of twelve cents a bushel would pay the cost of construction in a year, and leave eight hundred thousand dollars for operating expenses. Grain could be transported from Minnesota to the water, even with this enormous profit, for fifteen cents a bushel instead of fifty. It will not do in these days to say anything is impossible. We can only wish the inventor may raise his four million dollars and rea all his hopes.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Feb. 27, 1875.

Vol. 54, No. 31.---Contents.

First Page.
Poem—Winter's Blessing.
Charon, The Red Fox, Chapter I.
Second Page.
Charon, The Red Fox, continued.
Poem—When He Comes Home.
Plighted in Peril; or, The Lone Star of Texas, Chapters XXXI.
Third Page.
Poem—Whitewed.
An Old Man's Darling, concluded.
Receipts.
News or Interest.
Fourth Page.
Important Announcement.
Poem—Up-hill.
Sword and Saddle; or, Young America in Mexico. No. 1.
An Old Friend.
Love Letters.
The Maid of Saragossa.
Fifth Page.
Fairies' Column—Princess Ethel.
Poem—De Soto.
Gathering to Doom, Chapters VII, VIII.
Sixth Page.
Poem—The Language of the Heart.
For True Love's Sake; or, The Discarded Wife, Chapters XIX, XX, XXI.
Our Own Sphinx.
Facetiæ.
Seventh Page.
Elsie Le Noir.
Harpooning a Hippopotamus.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
Boudoir—Fashion Notes and Queries.
Poem—A Lover's Rhapsody.
Chips' Ghost.
Correspondents' Bureau.
Answers to all Inquirers.

SWORD AND SADDLE!

OR,

Young America in Mexico.

By Captain Howard.

In this Number we have much pleasure in giving our younger readers the first of a series of highly entertaining, and, at the same time, instructive sketches, entitled as above.

The movements of the armies in Mexico, in which

THE YOUNG HEROES

participate, are from official sources, and historically accurate.

The writer, Captain Howard, has in this series happily blended

FACT WITH FICTION

in a manner that cannot fail to interest and instruct the readers of The Post, both young and old.

CHARACTER.

There is no instinct implanted in the breast of man so universally active as the love of character. In this respect, the prince on his throne, the judge on his bench, the merchant in his counting-house are alike. Touch them in whatever pertains to their worldly interest—their business or their wealth—and your interference, though it may indeed be rebuked, will yet be borne with comparative indifference. Tamper with them, even in the matter of life, trifle with their health, expose them to disease, and still you inflict not a deadly wound; but let the pestiferous breath of slander breathe upon their fair fame, you touch their happiness in its most vital part.

To a man of virtuous sensibilities and refined feelings, there is nothing in life that can be placed in competition with it. It is the chain that holds him to society, and the talisman that preserves his rank. Cast a mildew upon this, and you convert his moments of pleasure into seasons of anxiety and burning anguish. Blight his fair fame, and the tinsels of fortune, and even existence itself, would be considered as of nothing worth.

> "Who steals my purse, steals trash,
> But he who filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enricheth him,
> But makes me poor indeed."

This sentiment of the illustrious Shakspeare is but an expression of the common feeling of mankind. It comes home to the heart, stamped with the living impress of truth. The "purse" may indeed be rifled by the hand of the "robber;" the pleasures of earth may be despoiled by the moth and the canker-worm; property may "take to itself wings and fly away;" yet what are all these worth when compared with "my good name?" The hand of industry may again enable me to hoard the valued things of life; the "sweat of the brow" may rear another habitation to shelter my defenceless head from the cold drivings of the winter storms and tempest; but no industry, no weeping, no gushing of tears from the fountains of grief, can restore a blighted character.

DON'T QUARREL.

People talk of lovers' quarrels as rather pleasant episodes—probably because they are not quarrels at all. She pouts; he kisses. He frowns; she coaxes. It is half play, and they know it. Matrimonial quarrels are another thing. We doubt seriously if married people ever truly forgive each other after the first falling out. They gloss it over; they kiss and make up; the wound apparently heals, but only, as some of those horrible wounds given in battle do, to break out again at some unexpected moment. The man who has sneered and said cruel things to a sensitive woman never has her whole heart again. The woman who has uttered reproaches to a man can never be taken to his bosom with the same tenderness as before those words were spoken. The two people who must never quarrel are husband and wife. One may fall out with kinsmen, and make up, and be friends again. The tie of blood is a strong one, and affection may return after it has flown away; but love, once banished, is a dead and buried thing. The heart may ache, but it is with hopelessness! It may be impossible to love any one else, but it is more impossible to restore the old idol to its empty niche. For a word or two, for a sharpening of the wits, for a moment's self-assertion, two people have often been made miserable for life. For, whatever there may be before, there are no lover's quarrels after marriage.

Premiums Extraordinary!

U. S. CENTENNIAL
1776 MEDALS. 1876

These Medals, commemorating the One Hundredth Birthday of our Country, have been struck at the United States Mint, under a Special Act of Congress. They are of four different kinds, enclosed in a handsome case, and cost from one to five dollars each, and holders are protected from imitations, as the law makes counterfeiting them a crime.

We have perfected arrangements by which we offer these valuable Medals as Premiums to those procuring Subscribers for the Post, on the following liberal terms:

1 Gilt Medal (size 1¼ in.) for every 2 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 5 Subscribers at $2.50 each.

1 Large Bronze Medal (size 2¼ in.) for every 4 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 9 Subscribers at $2.50 each.

1 Solid Silver Medal (size 1¼ in.) for every 5 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 12 Subscribers at $2.50 each.

1 Large Gilt Medal (size 2¼ in.) for every 12 Subscriptions at $3.00, or 24 Subscribers at $2.50 each.

Sent securely packed to any address, postage prepaid. Remittances should be made in Post Office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

AN OLD FRIEND.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

"Treasure the friendships you may form in early life, my boy," was one of the precepts of my father. "Treasure the friendships you may form in early life—your companions now will be your best friends in future years."

The admonitions of my respected progenitor have not passed into proverbs, nor were they Chesterfieldian in character. I quote this one, however, because it is the keynote of the story I have to tell.

I am naturally sensitive. As a boy I had an unmannerly habit of blushing. I hated girls, not from an antipathy to the sex, but because I found them all so quizzical and critical, and because I envied them those tiny scraps of needle-work which gave an effective occupation to their hands and eyes at a time when both were an incumbrance to an awkwardly sensitive individual.

Richard Walter Wade, (better known as Dick,) was my opposite. His coolness upon every contingency was remarkable. During our early acquaintance, I had many opportunities of learning that there are different ways of telling the truth. I was in the habit of stammering it forth, nervously and bluntly, in view of the coming punishment. Dick would clothe it in romantic coloring, making of himself quite a hero than otherwise, and this invariably saved him.

"Here," thought I, "is an opportunity of obeying my father's wish. I will cultivate the acquaintance of Master Richard Walter Wade," and I did so.

I commenced by inviting him to smoke a couple of my father's best Havanas. He politely accepted them, and upon the same afternoon our friendship was confirmed and ratified—he had knocked me down!

I was not a coward, but fighting was not my forte. I acknowledged that Richard Walter Wade was my superior in the art of self-defence. He accepted that as a sufficient apology, (though what the apology was for I did not inquire,) and thenceforth, (for Dick was no bully,) we were great friends.

I did not tell my father in what manner our friendship had commenced, or, perhaps, Richard Walter Wade would have received a different kind of invitation during the vacation. I was authorized to invite him down to "our place" for a week or two, and he came.

Dick speedily became a favorite, particularly with those objects of my envious aversion—the girls. His quiet, dignified way of taking every desire for granted before expressing it, and his wonderful flow of argument which was too deferential to be impudent, filled me with silent awe and our companions with respect.

"Civil, well-behaved youth," was the verdict of our elders. I was counseled to follow his example. I tried it; but Richard's courtesy upon my bashful tongue was termed impertinence.

Yet Richard and I agreed very well together, our tastes were similar although differently expressed.

The years rolled on, and divers opportunities came for testing the value of my father's maxim. The friendship between myself and Dick, increased wonderfully and we entered upon city life together.

For three years we were the junior clerks, in a well-known banking establishment. Our position was equal. We had entered at the same time and our duties were similar. Neither seemed to have progressed beyond the other. Equally we were favorites with the firm.

At length the desk above us became vacant, and one of us might reasonably expect advancement. Here was a dilemma, to favor one the managers must be seemingly unjust.

If we could have decided the matter ourselves we should have cast lots, after our boyish fashion, but we had not the decision in hand. We agreed, however, that whoever might be promoted, our friendship should continue on the same terms as heretofore.

"You will get it, Ned, old fellow," said Dick, one afternoon. "I heard the manager recommending you very highly. I may congratulate you beforehand."

I was not so sanguine, and it is well I was not. I was morally certain that Dick would have the vacant post; and, next day, it was formally tendered to him.

At the same time I received a courteous letter from the firm, acknowledging our claims to be equal, and that the managers had experienced considerable difficulty in arriving at a decision. In the letter of communication I received a draft for one hundred dollars, as balm to a perturbed spirit.

From this time forth Dick was beforehand with me in everything. Our tastes, as I have said, were similar, although differently expressed, consequently we were thrown very much into each other's society. I always noticed one thing particularly. Whenever there was occasion for achievement or display, it was Richard Walter Wade who had the advantage always.

I had conquered my diffidence and my aversion to female society. Indeed, the latter attracted me in later years, for, the truth must be stated, I was over head and ears in love.

For the first time in my life I had no fear that Dick would be beforehand with me. He said to me often:

"There is only one woman on the earth whom I would care to marry."

Of course, it could not be Lottie Lewis? I did not confide my love story to his keeping. He was equally reserved.

But after some months of silent love-making, I desired above all things to come to the point with Lottie. I judged that she, and she only, could make me happy, and I confidently believed that I could accomplish the same result, and make her happy too.

How to propose? that was the main question. I had escorted her to opera, to soiree, to ball, but never had one word of love—beyond general compliments in which the whole family were included (I was a friend of the family, understand)—escaped my lips. I knew that Lottie had bright eyes and ruby lips and rosy cheeks, but I was no poet and I never expressed my opinion upon those salient points. My inward consciousness told me that I loved her for her better self, and not for her outward beauty; but how to declare it? That was the main question.

Evidently Dick must come to my rescue. No doubt he was as well versed upon these matters as upon all others.

"Dick," said I (we boarded together, and I fancy he knew that something was on the tapis, when I invited him to share a bottle of Madeira in my private room), "Dick," I said, "to-morrow will be the most eventful day of my life——"

"Getting married?" said he, quietly.

"No, Dick," said I, reproachfully, "not come to that yet."

"Near it, eh?" The reply was accompanied with a low whistle, and a pantomimic lurch which gave me a pain in the ribs for hours afterwards.

"Dick," I said, "I am going to propose."

"All right, Ned; go ahead. Not knowing the exact *modus operandi*, you come to me (or I come to you at your request, same thing) for information, eh?"

"Well, Richard," I said, "as an old friend——"

"I am not much experienced in these matters," he returned, "and you never would take my advice—but, in the first place, who is the lady?"

I was silent for a few moments, apparently absorbed in the movement of the skeleton timepiece on the mantleshelf. Dick was smoking very coolly, and drinking my Madeira.

"Well," thought I, "Dick is an old friend and a true one. I cannot expect him to help me unless I confide in him." Then I said aloud, "Why, Dick, who should it be but Lottie Lewis?"

I think at that moment Dick's lips gave vent to a greater quantity of tobacco smoke than had ever passed them in a given time. When the tobacco had exhausted itself, the lips came together, and a whistle followed, so shrill, so peculiar, I thought the man was crazed.

Then he laughed.

"Nonsense," he said, when the spasm of merriment had expended itself. It was a spasm, and a merry one withal.

"Nonsense," he said. "You don't mean it?"

"Indeed I do," I answered, I was huffed then. "I do not see the fun in it, I am quite serious."

"Ned," he replied, taking the cigar from his lips and laying it on the table, "forgive me, I am not laughing at you, I did not think you meant it."

"But I do mean it," I said.

"Ned," he said, taking my hand affectionately, "you will be disappointed."

"Why?" answered I, indignantly.

"Ned," he continued, (that persistent "Ned" was wearing into my brain just then). "Ned, I did not know that you even knew Lottie Lewis."

"What of that?" I said harshly.

"Do you remember," he replied, "I told you that only one woman in the world would ever hear from me, words from the vocabulary of love."

"Well?" I said.

"Ned," said Dick, plaintively. "Do not judge me wrongfully. How could I know that you cared for her? Let me tell you my secret now—it was Lottie whom I loved! *I asked her to be mine, last night*, and—

Even Dick's natural coolness broke down then.

"She consented!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Ned," he answered, almost penitently.

I cannot explain my feelings at that moment. There are no written words in any language which will convey them. I may have remained silent for one moment, perhaps for an hour. I had no heed of time, nor even of life itself, my mind was soaring above the clouds.

"Ned," said Dick, rousing me from the stupor into which I had fallen. "I did not know of this."

"I quite believe you, Dick," I answered, and we shook hands in much the same way as we had done in our boyhood, when I acknowledged him "best man" and he undertook to champion me against all comers.

Lottie was my first love, and it did seem cruel. Perhaps I have loved much more seriously since then. Perhaps Dick and his wife preserve a friendly intercourse with my wife and myself. This is merely the story of my first love and my first friend.

Richard Walter Wade is manager of the banking establishment I have casually mentioned, I am next in command under him, our friendship remains unbroken. Yet is it not somewhat strange, that Dick should lead in everything from youth to middle age? Now is'nt it?

Deceit.—Some people continue under such gross and habitual self-deception, that the most blundering observer of human nature can understand them better than they do themselves. There are persons who have so accustomed themselves to all the arts and tricks of falsehood, that to gain a plain end in a plain way would be to them as tasteless and insipid as warm water.

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

UP-HILL.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A bed for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call, when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

SWORD AND SADDLE:

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Ride," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 1.

A letter from the War—The Young Adventurers—Old Firman's Prophecy—Off for Mexico!

One clear, starry night in February, young Frank Hatton burst into a room, occupied by a youth of his own age, and gave vent to his feelings in this style:

"Hurrah for Anahuac and the Halls of the Montezumas! No more dreary schooldays for Frank Hatton! Scott is marshaling his heroes on the Isle of Lobos; and Vera Cruz, that splendid old city, is bound to fall! Hurrah for old Lundy's Lane and Chippewa! And three cheers for Uncle Maurice, the best uncle in the world!"

He was so excited that he could not stand still. He fairly danced about the room, flinging his cap into the air, and acting like a person who had suddenly lost his senses.

The solitary spectator had risen from the chair, and was staring at the excited boy with a puzzled expression.

"Frank! Frank! what on earth has turned up now?" he cried. "From your tone and actions, one would think that Scott had sent you a commission. When do you take command of your regiment?"

"Soon, I hope, Sir Sarcasm," said Frank, throwing his cap on the floor, and drawing a letter from his bosom. "But I'm going to the war! This is no atmospheric castle, Richard. I'm going to help Scott take Vera Cruz!"

The youth's tone was now tinctured with a seriousness that dissipated his companion's sarcastic smile.

"If you're going to Mexico, I don't stay here!" he said. "I've as good a right to march over the historic ground desolated by Cortez, as Frank Hatton."

"Certainly, bravo, Dick Julian!" cried Frank. "I'll be the Don Quixote and you shall be my esquire. But Uncle Maurice's letter!" and the enthusiastic speaker unfolded the great sheet of heavy paper, which had been sealed with crimson wax.

"Samuel brought me the letter awhile ago, and before I had read the last line, I was running to see you. I think I made the mile in 2.80, as Tom Dawson says. Tom would like to go with us."

"Of course, but we are here yet," said Richard, smiling. "The Pyramids of Cholula are far away! But read the letter, Frank."

The speaker took the shade from the lamp, and the next minute Frank Hatton, still panting, read as follows:

Scott's Army of Invasion,
Tampico, Feburary —, 1847.

My Dear Nephew, Frank.—I am glad to say that I am able to gratify your great ambition. We are now about to enter upon the greatest campaign of the century, and the tread of our troops will soon resound throughout the cities of the Montezumas. We are going to reduce Vera Cruz, an ancient city, whose walls have never echoed to the tread of the conqueror. I want you at my side, my dear nephew, for you and I have talked and read so much about this great country, with her Montezumas, her Alvarados and Grijalvas. The way is open for you now. We shall soon have the pleasure of facing Santa Anna, and of whipping him. When you reach me you shall have a saddle and a sword, and, we'll teach these Mexicans how Americans can fight. The ship Voltican, commanded by Captain Rogers, an old naval friend of mine, will sail from New Orleans in time to reach us at the isle of Lobos a day or so prior to our embarkation for Vera Cruz. You will present him the letter I enclose, and he will see that you reach me safely. Adieu, my dear, Frank, for the present. Now that you have an opportunity to see this romantic country, you will embrace it. Victory will guide us to the capital, and the world will resound with the deeds of the second conquerors of Mexico.

Your affectionate Uncle,
Maurice Hatton, U. S. A.

"Hurrah for Mexico!" shouted Richard, as the last word of the letter dropped from his companion's lips. "Frank, I expect to see you return with epaulettes on your shoulders, and a commission in your pocket."

"Or with an empty sleeve," smiled Frank. "Even that is glorious."

"Yes, but so inconvenient. I prefer to have my sleeves filled with strong arms."

"Just like you! I guess you wouldn't go to Mexico."

"Just show me an opportunity!" cried Richard, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm. "Your uncle's letter makes me wild. I want to go to Mexico. I am going if I have to walk every mile."

"I think you'd feel like fighting when you got there," said Frank. "But you will not have to walk a single step if you will stoop to a little chicanery."

"What do you mean? All's fair in love and war, and this is war, you know."

"I'll read the letter from Uncle Maurice to Captain Rogers, and then answer your question," said the favored nephew, and then proceeded to read the document just referred to.

It bore the same date as the letter already given in full, and ran as follows:

"*My dear Rogers:—The bearer of this brief communication, my nephew, wishes to join me on the Isle of Lobos, and it is my desire that he sails with you. Therefore, you will see that he fares well, and will look to me, your old friend, for remuneration.*"

"Now," said Frank, after finishing the letter, "nothing is easier than to pluralize this communication. We can add an 's' to 'nephew,' and 't' and 'y' to the pronoun 'he,' whenever it occurs. Of course, Rogers doesn't know anything concerning Uncle Maurice's relatives, and you can pass for his nephew, Dick, till we leave the Voltican on the island."

"A capital idea!" cried Julian. "I admire your ingenuity, Frank. Here, give me your hand, and let us shake over our future glory in Mexico. We'll explore the treasure rooms of Montezuma, and, sword in hand, triumph over the descendants of the steel-clad Spaniards. Frank, I want to shout. Three cheers for Mexico. Don't be afraid to raise your voice. Nobody is in the house but Firman, and the bursting of a Paixhan gun wouldn't wake him."

The next moment three rousing cheers burst from the throats of the would-be heroes, and in the heavy silence that followed, a singular noise penetrated the room.

"What's that?" asked Frank, somewhat startled.

"Old Firman!" was his comrade's reply. "I thought the old fellow was asleep, but he sits up late sometimes. I guess he thinks a band of Comanches has invaded the house."

The last word still quivered Dick Julian's lips, when the door opened, and a venerable old man, supported by crutches, hobbled into the room.

One leg was missing, and there was a second relic of the horrors of war—a scar—on one of his sunken cheeks.

"Oh, it's you, boys," exclaimed the veteran, smiling as the youths sprang forward to take his wrinkled hands. "I thought Cornwallis had surrendered again. I was there, and how we did holler when the British flag came down. My old heart! how I wish I was young enough to go with Winfield Scott to Mexico. He's got the right name, boys; he's won every field so far, and God is watchin' the old fellow who made the Britishers run at Lundy's Lane."

"That's so, Uncle Firman," said Frank Hatton. "As you can't go to Mexico, Dick and I will be your substitutes. We are going down to Scott!"

Slowly the Revolutionary hero turned his eyes on Richard.

"Is that so, Richard? Why, you're nothing but boys!"

"Boys!" echoed Frank; "why, I was sixteen yesterday, and Dick is but two months and six days behind me. Boys! why, Uncle Firman, I've heard you say that you were only fifteen when you first marched away under Washington."

"So I was; but even boys had to fight then; men were scarce—they're plenty now. But I'm not going to coax you chaps to stay at home, for I know it's no use. Dick has read so much about Mexico, and his head is crammed full of Montezumas and pyramids, that he would go if he should die immediately after crossing the Neuces. It's a terrible country, full of poison snakes, disease, and guerillas. Why the Mexicans can stick their lances in a stone wall."

"And hurl them over Popocatapetl with ease," said Dick.

And the boys enjoyed a hearty laugh at the old veteran's expense.

"I thought it was all your Uncle Maurice's doings," said the cripple, when Frank had read the letters to him. "I have always known him for a crack-brained fellow, but as brave as a lion. We had more than one like him at Trenton, Monmouth, and Yorktown. But I tell you, boys, you'll regret the day you left home for Mexico. I like patriotism, and I am proud to see you eager to defend the flag we old fellows followed under Washington, but I tell you you'll not come back as sound as you go away, if you come back at all. That's my prophecy. Write it down in your brains."

"Thank you, uncle; we will," said Dick.

And turning to Frank, he proposed three cheers for Washington and Yorktown, which were given with a will. They caused a deep flush to overspread old Firman's face, and tears coursed down his sunken cheeks.

A minute later, bidding the boys good night, he hobbled from the room, muttering something about his pet hobby, Washington and Yorktown.

Frank Hatton and his companion were determined to go to Mexico; and, when they found themselves again alone in the room, the alterations suggested by the soldier's enthusiastic nephew were carefully made. They felt assured that the cunningly metamorphosed letter would convey them safely to the Isle of Lobos, the proposed rendezvous of Scott's army of invasion.

The following morning, provided with some money, and full of enthusiasm, the young adventurers set out for Mobile, whence they could proceed to New Orleans and join the Voltican.

The words "Sword and Saddle" inspired their hearts, and they never dreamed of the perils that would environ them in Mexico.

LOVE-LETTERS.

The first thing that a woman likes when she is being courted, is to be called something like what amateur musicians are always calling one another in duets. She is quite willing to be a bee, or a bird, or a lily; but it is absolutely necessary that she should be either in the ornithological or the botanical line. It is all very well if the lover happens to have been a little in the duet way, too. He can in this case understand the feeling, and nerve himself, without much difficulty, to respond to it. But if he is entirely ignorant about birds and botany, his task becomes more serious. He has the humiliation of being obliged to confine himself entirely to calling his future wife an angel or a goddess, according as he is most addicted to classical or to Christian mythology; while this mortifying thought cannot fail to strike him that both appellations are a little elevated and a little trite. If it were not, indeed, for the present cheap postal system, writing love-letters might not be so exhausting to the intellect. In old times a gentleman could only indite epistles of the kind once a week or once a fortnight, and had plenty of leisure to get up his literary steam and to select his illustrations. If, at the moment, it did not occur to him what sort of a plant he wished to call his fair correspondent, he had at least seven days to think about it and consult his dictionary. It is different now, and a lover's imagination has to undergo frequent and diurnal drains which it really is quite unfitted to support. Courtship has become a literary crisis in life. Men must write as long as women will read, and it is on this account that the art of love-letter writing deserves to be seriously taught, and seriously recognised.

Over-Sensitiveness.—A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might at any rate defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

BY M. RAMSAY.

This illustrious maiden exposed her life for her king and country at the memorable siege of Saragossa, in 1808. The French General Lefevre had been despatched by Bonaparte in the June of that year to reduce Saragossa, where the royal standard of the Bourbons had been unfurled. This city was not fortified; it was surrounded by an ill-constructed wall, twelve feet high by three broad, intersected by houses; these houses, the neighboring churches and convents, were in so dilapidated a state, that from the roof to the foundation were to be seen in each immense breaches; apertures begun by time and increased by neglect. A large hill, called Il Torero, commanded the town at the distance of a mile, and offered a situation for most destructive bombardment. Among the sixty thousand inhabitants there were but two hundred and twenty regular troops, and the artillery consisted of ten old cannon.

The French began the siege in a rather slothful style; they deemed much exertion unnecessary; Saragossa, they said, was only inhabited by cowards and monks. But their opinions and their efforts were destined to an entire revolution. Very seldom in the annals of war has greater heroism, greater bravery, greater horror and misery been concentrated, than during the two months that these desperate patriots repelled their invaders. No sacrifices were too great to be offered, no extremities too oppressive to be endured by the besieged; but, as it often occurs among the noblest bodies of men, that one sordid soul may be found open to the far-reaching hand of corruption, such a wretch happened to be entrusted with a powder-magazine at Saragossa. Under the influence of French gold, he fired the magazine on the night of the 2d of June. To describe the horrors that ensued would be impossible. The French, to whom the noise of the explosion had been a signal, advanced their troops to the gates. The population, shocked, amazed, hardly knowing what had occurred, entirely ignorant of the cause, bewildered by conflagration, ruins, and the noise of the enemy's artillery unexpectedly thundering in their ears, were paralyzed, powerless; the overthrow, the slaughter of those who stood at the ramparts, seemed more like a massacre than a battle; in a short time the trenches presented nothing but a heap of dead bodies. There was no longer a combatant to be seen; nobody felt the courage to stand to the defence.

At this desperate moment an unknown maiden issued from the church of Nostra Donna del Pillas, habited in white raiment, a cross suspended from her neck, her dark hair dishevelled, and her eyes sparkling with supernatural lustre! She traversed the city with a firm and bold step; she passed to the ramparts, to the very spot where the enemy was pouring on to the assault; she mounted to the breach, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying engineer, and fired the piece of artillery he had failed to manage; then kissing her cross, she cried, with the accent of inspiration, "Death or victory!" and reloaded her cannon. Such a cry, such a vision, could not fail of calling up enthusiasm; it seemed that heaven had brought aid to the just cause; her cry was answered: "Long live Agostina!"

"Forward, forward, we will conquer!" resounded on every side. Nerved by such emotions, the force of every man was doubled, and the French were repulsed on all sides.

General Lefevre, mortified at this unexpected result, determined to reduce the place by famine, as well as to distress it by bombardment from Il Torero. The horrors that followed his measures would be too painful to detail, but they afforded Agostina an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity. She threw herself in the most perilous positions, to rescue the unhappy beings wounded by the bombs or by the falling of timbers. She went from house to house visiting the wounded, binding up their hurts, or supplying aid to the sick and starving. The French, by their indomitable perseverance, from step to step, rendered themselves masters of nearly half the city. Lefevre thought his hour of triumph had now certainly arrived—he sent to the commandant, General Palafox, to demand a capitulation. Palafox received this in public; he turned to Agostina, who stood near him, completely armed: "What shall I answer?"

The girl indignantly replied, "War to the knife!"

Her exclamation was echoed by the populace, and Palafox made her words his reply to Lefevre.

Nothing in the history of war has ever been recorded to resemble the consequences of this refusal to capitulate. One row of houses in a street would be occupied by the Spanish, the opposite row by the French. A continual tempest of balls passed through the air; the town was a volcano; the most revolting slaughter was carried on for eleven days and eleven nights. Every street, every house, was disputed with musket and poniard. Agostina ran from rank to rank, everywhere taking the most active part. The French were gradually driven back; and the dawn of the 17th of August saw them relinquish this long-disputed prey, and take the road to Pampeluna. The triumph of the patriots—their joy, was unspeakable. Palafox rendered due honors to the brave men who had perished, and endeavored to remunerate the few intrepid warriors who survived—among them was Agostina. But what could be offered commensurate with the services of one who had saved the city? Palafox told her to select what honors she pleased. She modestly begged to retain the rank of engineer, and to wear the arms of Saragossa. The rest of her life was passed in honorable poverty, until she died, in 1826,

"By all her country's wishes blest!"

All men stand upon the borders of two worlds. The inner world of the good man is that calm sea which stretches away to the homes of Peace and Love and Truth, and his thoughts are but ripples upon the waters, which start from the shores of those far-off isles.

Life may be gloomy to the good man, the way rugged, the path uneven, he may come halting to the end; but the hand of Providence will eradicate every root of bitterness, every sensation of former pain, and all before him be pleasing and delightful.

PRINCESS ETHEL.

BY F. S. SARGEANT.

Probably there never was any maiden on earth more beautiful than the Princess Ethel. She was so lovely, that every one who saw her turned to look again; and when they looked they smiled, just as you always do when you see anything that delights you. She had heaps of dark hair, which would curl most gracefully, and was silky-fine and glossy. She had large blue eyes, with a tender and cheerful light in them, and very long lashes. Her shape was perfect; her hands and arms were lovely; and she was as white as new milk.

This Princess had the misfortune to lose her father, at which she was very unhappy. When he died, Ethel did not know what to do. If she had only known where her Uncle Madoc lived, it would not have been so bad. But when her father, became King, on the death of his father, Madoc, his twin-brother, had gone off to live in a strange land, as they supposed.

"Oh, if I only knew where Uncle Madoc was," said the Princess, weeping bitterly; "he would come and take care of my kingdom for me. But here I am helpless, with foes all around, and my armies frightened to death. If I were a man, I would be braver; but it is a miserable thing to be a woman."

While she wept, the chamberlain came to the door of her chamber, and, bowing lowly, said: "Madam, the King of Colchis is at the palace gate, and wishes to see your highness."

"I don't want to see him," answered the Princess. "He is my enemy, and an ugly, hideous old man, besides."

"Madam," said the chamberlain, bowing lowly again, "he has ten thousand men with him."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Princess, starting up, and turning a little paler (she couldn't be much paler than she already was); "that alters the case. Invite him in, and say that I will come as soon as I have wiped away the tears that I am shedding for my father."

Then she called her maids, and they began to dress her. And while they dressed her they talked. One of them said, "Oh, Princess, there is no escape for you. You will have to marry him."

"Marry whom?" asked the Princess, staring through her tears.

"The King of Colchis," said the maid. "Does not your highness see that he has come to offer himself to you."

At that, the Princess pulled down her hair and put off her purple mantle, and threw away her rings and bracelets.

"Make me look as ugly as you can," she said. "Put on mourning. I will never marry that wretch—never!"

So they put away all her ornaments, and dressed her in mourning, and let her hair hang. But, instead of being ugly, she was then much more beautiful than ever.

"What shall I do?" she cried in despair. "Why have I not a snub nose, and black teeth, and blue lips, and red hair? Get things to make me ugly. Cut off my hair, Mignon; black my teeth, Agate; do something, all of you!"

But even while she spoke, she heard the King stamping about the hall below, asking in a fierce voice, why she didn't come, and saying that he would himself go upstairs after her.

"Alas! madam, you must go without delay," said her ladies. "It is vain to try to make you look ugly. You grow more beautiful every moment."

"Let us make haste, then," cried the Princess, and hurried down stairs, trailing her black robes and her dark hair about her, her face looking out from all that shade like the evening star out of twilight skies.

At least, so thought a young warrior who stood just behind the King.

The King himself seemed pleased, for he smiled a horrible smile that made his grizzled old face look ten times more hateful than before, and, going to the Princess, he took her by the hand, and kissed her before she could help herself.

"My dear," he said, in a great, harsh voice, which he tried in vain to make soft, "I have come to ask your hand, and to marry you at once. That will unite our two kingdoms, which lie side by side, and give you some one to take the lead of your armies, and protect you. And, besides," he added, chucking her under the chin, "it will give me a very pretty wife."

"Oh, no!" cried the Princess, shrinking back, and blushing with anger; at which she grew still more beautiful, so that the young warrior behind the King, who had never once removed his eyes from her, thought that now she was the morning star.

"And why not?" demanded the King, frowning terribly, so that the ladies all covered their faces with their hands, and Ethel nearly fainted with terror.

"Because," she stammered, "you are a good deal older than I am, and I am afraid you would die first, and that would be a great grief to me."

The King laughed so that the palace shook, then seized the Princess by the arm, and said:

"You talk glib stories, and art an artful minx besides. I have seen you casting glances at Prince Falchion here"—turning to scowl at the handsome warrior behind him—"and I dare say he has been admiring you. But he is a mere adventurer, without a kingdom, or a piece of gold even, unless I give it to him. You had better both of you be careful. Now, Princess, will you marry me?"

"No, never!" cried Ethel.

The King gave her arm an awful squeeze that made her cry out; then, turning to the young Prince, he said, fiercely:

"Prince, take this lady to my great forest on the borders, and set her to tending goats. She shall stay there in solitude, have only berries and nuts and water to live on, and sleep on the bare earth, till she consents to be my wife. See that you obey my orders, and that you do not touch her yourself, or so much as smile upon her. If you do, your head will come off in no time. My dwarf shall follow and watch you, and see how you behave."

Then the King gave the Princess a push out of the door, and, looking about on the trembling courtiers, he said, in a voice of thunder:

"I am King here. Obey me, and do not dare attempt to see or to help that impudent wretch."

Meanwhile, Ethel was following the Prince to the far-away forest, and the dwarf was close on her heels, watching. But she was not very unhappy.

"It is not so bad to follow him," she thought, looking at his fine, graceful form and stately bearing. She marked, too, that he took very short steps, so as not to tire her.

It was near night when they reached the forest where the Princess was to live all alone and tend goats, and there the Prince stopped and looked at her, with his face full of love and pity. Fortunately, just at that moment the dwarf stumbled and fell down, so that there was a chance for a word.

"Find my Uncle Madoc," whispered the Princess.

"I come from him. He is not far off," whispered the Prince, in return. "In two days you shall be free."

By this time the dwarf was up, rubbing his nose and watching, and there was no alternative but for the Prince to go. The Princess looked after him as long as she could see him, and once, when the dwarf stumbled again in running (for now the Prince took long steps) he looked back and smiled at the Princess, and she smiled at him.

"How he must love me," she thought, "when he thus risks his head to give me a smile."

Two days and nights are a long time to spend in a lonely forest, with only goats for company, and berries and water for food, and, if it had not been for hope, the Princess' heart would have broken. Moreover, the hateful dwarf came each morning and evening, and asked her if she had consented yet to marry the old King, and when she said, "No," he told her he had orders to hang her the next time.

"What shall I do if the Prince or my uncle does not come?" she thought, in terror, on the third morning. "It is almost time for the dwarf, and he will hang me, surely."

As she spoke, there was a crackling in the bushes, and the frightful dwarf made his appearance with a large rope in his hand. He fastened it to a branch, got the noose all ready, and then said to the Princess, "Will you marry the King to-day?"

"No!" she cried out; "I will die first!"

At that, the dwarf, who was very strong, and had immense arms, caught at her to put her head in the noose. But, as he did so, two arms reached around the trunk of the tree, one of them pushing the dwarf's head into the noose, and the other pulling at the end of the rope, and all done so quickly and neatly that the little wretch was hanged entirely before he knew it.

Ethel cried out joyfully, and stretched her hands to the Prince, who stood smiling by her. But it was not he who owned the hands that had delivered her. Their owner appeared instantly—a tall, rough-looking man, with long hair, a slouched hat, and curled beard. He was rather rough, but not ugly-looking; and Ethel cried out again when she saw him, for she knew he was her Uncle Madoc.

"Let us fly," she cried. "The King will be after us as soon as he misses his dwarf."

Uncle Madoc shrugged up his shoulders, and gave the hanging wretch a good pinch, to make sure that he was quite dead. Then he said, quietly, "I'm rather too old and heavy to fly, little niece; and we are in no sort of danger. Our armies, Prince Falchion's and mine, have gone on to destroy the King of Colchis, and get every sign of him out of sight before we go to the palace. I gave orders, too, for preparations to be made for a marriage."

At that, the Princess blushed most beautifully, and her uncle caught her up in his arms, and laughed, and carried her through the wood towards her palace. The Prince Falchion walked behind; and, while Madoc sang and muttered to himself, he whispered thus to the Princess: "I came from afar to see you, and when I met the King of Colchis, he made a captive of me. Your uncle sent me as soon as he heard of his brother's death. But, though I have helped to save you, I am miserable; for he is going to marry you to some wealthy prince, while I have only a heart and a hand to offer you."

The Princess said nothing: but she reached out her hand and plucked a branch from a flowering shrub, a beautiful branch full of fragrant flowers and fruit.

"What is that for?" asked the Prince.

"To give to my husband," she answered, dropping her eyes.

He said nothing, but walked on sorrowfully, till they reached the palace, where everything was in splendid order, and the King of Colchis and his warriors all hanged and out of sight.

Such rejoicings never were seen; and when the Princess, magnificently dressed, came down to be married, the air was full of lively music and loud huzzas.

"Who is to be your Highness's husband?" asked the Archbishop, seeing the Princess stand alone, with her ladies in a cluster behind her.

She glanced around the circle to where stood Prince Falchion, looking pale and despairing; and smiling sweetly on him, she held out to him the flowering branches that she had plucked in the wood.

Instantly his face became radiant, and he ran to throw himself at her feet.

"If you want to marry me, Prince," she said, smilingly, "you will then have to stand beside me."

So they were married, and Uncle Madoc was general of all the armies.

The Precious Little Plant.

Two little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit, to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget murmured and fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of patience, and said, vexedly, "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not one bit stronger. I don't understand it!"

"Oh!" said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it. Why don't you do so, too?"

"Indeed!" said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant! I wish I could lighten my load with it! Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "wherever you plant it and gives it a chance to take root, and there's no knowing the relief it gives! Its name is *patience*."

DE SOTO.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Strip the gauntlet from his hand,
Lift the helmet from his brow:
Loosen every iron band,
He's no use for armor now.

He could fight and he could woo,
Both upon the self-same day;
Like the lover he could sue,
Like the abbot he could pray.

Now around the warrior's form
Wrap the flag we love to name;
He has borne it through the storm,
He has shielded it from shame!

Lower him now into his grave,
Let him rest beneath the flood;
Hungry wolf nor forest brave
Never shall disturb the good!

Priest, thy crucifix! his sword
With the son of Spain shall rest;
And the image of his Lord
Ne'er shall leave the warrior's breast.

Years shall come and years shall go,
While beneath this royal stream
Sleeps the soldier De Soto,
Undisturbed by warlike dream.

When the angel's trump is blown,
Rousing from their sleep the dead,
Jesu, let thy richest crown
Rest upon De Soto's head!

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 28, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The injuries which little Ellen received on that eventful Christmas morning, were of a very severe nature; and even after it was rendered certain that she would recover, there were serious apprehensions that she would be maimed for life. But thanks to careful attendance, and a skilful surgeon, she gradually recovered the use of all her limbs; and, at the expiration of three long months, was restored to health and her original soundness of body.

Yet were these months of close confinement—and, much of the time, of physical suffering—the happiest the poor child of sorrow had known for a long period. Rosalind was her almost constant attendant; and had she indeed been her mother, she could scarcely have been more tender and devoted. She talked to her, read to her, and sung to her; and, at intervals, made the variety greater and more useful, by instructing her in the common English branches. The education of Ellen had not been entirely neglected by her parents; and though only eight years of age when her father died, she was then able to read a little in the Simple Lessons; but sorrow, poverty, and brutal treatment, had subsequently made sad inroads upon the little book-learning she had acquired—however much it might have enlarged her knowledge of the baseness to be found in human nature—so that it was necessary for her teacher to begin with her in much the same manner as with one who had never been taught.

Aside from all this, however, there were some explanations, narrations, and occurrences, during the period of Ellen's convalescence, which the plan of our story requires us to give somewhat in detail, though not altogether in the order in which the different matters were brought to the knowledge of the different parties.

The fact of two daughters meeting in so singular a manner, in a strange land, whose fathers, once friends, had been many years estranged by an unfortunate occurrence which had ruined the peace of both families, was certainly very curious, not to say mysterious; and of this estrangement, and the causes which led to it, we will now speak, without recording the conversation which Rosalind and Ellen held together on this subject.

Walter Clendennan was an only son of a wealthy Irish baronet, at whose death he came into possession of a title and a large estate. Soon after this event, at the age of twenty-five, he married a lovely and amiable lady, of good family but small fortune, by the name of Lucy Norbury, a cousin of William Norbury, the father of Ellen, who was in consequence a second cousin of Rosalind. Like that of Clendennan, the name of Norbury was ancient, and belonged to a house of wealth and distinction; but some of the descendants, among whom was the father of Ellen, had become reduced to comparative poverty, though still retaining the pride of descent, and being very tenacious of the family honor.

At the death of Ellen's grandfather, he left two sons—William and James, her father and uncle—with little or no inheritance—the family means having been exhausted in giving them a good education. William, having a natural taste for painting, with some considerable talent as an artist, adopted that profession; and on his marriage with a Miss Montague, another poor descendant of a once wealthy house, he removed to Dublin, where for a time he succeeded in making a comfortable living. James, the younger—having, like his brother for painting, a natural turn for military tactics—was assisted by Sir Walter Clendennan; who, hearing of his desire, generously purchased and presented him with a captain's commission in an Irish regiment of infantry. Not to show partiality, Sir Walter at the same time tendered a present of like amount to William; but the latter declined to receive it, on the ground that he was doing well, and did not, like his brother, stand in need of assistance.

Between these two brothers, who loved each other as brothers should love, and their wealthy and titled cousin, Sir Walter, there was such a bond of friendship as is seldom seen to exist between parties where the disparity of worldly circumstances is so great; and though they seldom met, yet a correspondence, begun and carried on, on all sides, expressed the warmth of attachment which each felt for each other, and exhibited a rare triple congeniality of soul.

The marriage of Sir Walter with the mother of Rosalind, was for many years a happy one; and the knight and his good lady, in course of time, found themselves blessed with a daughter and two sons—the daughter being the eldest, and the one already presented in the person of Rosalind.

It was about this period, that Sir Walter and his family—with the exception of Rosalind, who had gone to spend a few months with an aunt, in a distant part of the kingdom—paid a visit to some relatives in Dublin.

Now it so chanced, that Captain Norbury and his company were at this time quartered in Dublin; and the brothers met Sir Walter, after a separation of years, with all the warmth of feeling which two grateful natures could express towards one who had acted so noble and generous a part. William Norbury, the artist, had risen to some distinction in his profession: and was now in what was called good circumstances, and doing well. He was at this period the father of two children—a bright boy of four years, and the subject of our story, then in her infancy.

The brothers were at once presented to Lady Clendennan, their cousin, whom neither had seen since her marriage. She was at this time in the full bloom of maturity—of handsome person, fine mind, rare accomplishments, and affable manners—and both the brothers were delighted at the renewal of their acquaintance. Being cousins of blood, and descendants of a house of which it was the pride of each to boast—and the brothers also being among the warmest friends of Sir Walter—all formality was laid aside, and the parties met like members of one and the same family—or, in other words, like two brothers meeting with a dear sister. From this time, Captain Norbury, who chanced to be unmarried—and who had a fine, commanding person, and, notwithstanding his profession, a poetical temperament, inclined to the romantic—became a daily visitor at the house of his titled friend; and seemed to delight more in the conversation of his cousin, who had a turn of mind similar to his own, than in that of Sir Walter, who, with all his sterling qualities, was always eccentric and sometimes morose.

The fact was, the baronet was a man of many noble traits, whose friendship could be better maintained at a distance, and through an occasional correspondence, than by intimate personal association. Being, as before remarked, of an eccentric turn of mind, and of an irritable, peevish temperament, it was much easier for him to write a smooth, generous sentence, at such times as his mind was calm, than speak one when something, even though foreign to the subject, had ruffled his temper. Therefore it was, that Captain Norbury—prizing him for his real worth no less highly now than at any previous time—preferred the society and conversation of his lady to his own; and thus, unconsciously, was laid a train, whose final explosion was attended and followed by terrible consequences.

To be brief, the baronet at length began to grow jealous of the attention of Captain Norbury to his fair lady; and though in reality he had no cause for jealousy, yet the "green-eyed monster," having sprung into birth, "grew daily by what it fed upon," till at last it assumed a hideous and formidable shape. Sir Walter, meantime, kept his own counsel, and an eye upon the parties; but when at last an unpleasant rumor reached his ear, in which their names were coupled, he decided it was time to act. He procured a brace of pistols, loaded them himself, and concealed them about his person; and meeting Captain Norbury shortly after, in a retired street, he approached him, as if in friendship; and then, to the captain's utter amazement, whispered in his ear:

"Sir! you are an ungrateful, treacherous villain!"

"Sir Walter, what means this language?" inquired the captain.

"You know, and I know," answered the enraged baronet, between his shut teeth. "We will neither of us mention the cause, if you please. If you are not a coward, follow me!"

"But I solemnly protest," said the captain, "that I know of nothing I have either said or done that can give offence to one I have ever held to be my dearest friend."

"Captain Norbury, are you a disgrace to the commission which my money purchased for you? Are you a coward? demanded the knight.

"No, Sir Walter."

"Then follow me."

The knight led the way, and the two, without speaking, soon found themselves in a retired spot, beyond the busy hum of the town. Sir Walter here abruptly presented his pistols, and merely said:

"Quick! take your choice and your ground."

"But I protest—" began the astonished captain.

"Coward!" interrupted the other, with a sneer.

The captain said no more, but, compressing his lips, took the proffered pistol, and retired about ten paces.

"You shall give the word," said the baronet.

"Fire!" returned the captain, with the muzzle of his pistol pointed to the ground.

Sir Walter took a deliberate aim and fired. The captain staggered, and then tossing his undischarged weapon toward his antagonist, exclaimed:

"Heaven bear witness that I die without attempting the life of my once friend and benefactor."

With this he sunk upon the earth. Sir Walter was appalled. Had he indeed *murdered* an innocent friend? He ran to him, caught him up in his arms, and exclaimed:

"I have murdered you, James—for you did not fire at me."

"Why should I fire at you, or you at me, Sir Walter?" inquired the other, feebly. "Are we not friends?"

"We were—we were, James—but——"

"But what?"

"My wife."

"What of her?"

"I—I—believed—I heard—in short, was there nothing wrong between you?" gasped the knight.

"Sir Walter," returned the other, endeavoring to rise, struggling for breath, and fixing his eye, already glazing in death, upon the knight—"I see it all. I am dying—I feel it—I know it—but she must not be wronged. Will you credit my last words?"

"Yes! yes! speak!"

"Then, as God is my judge, and as I hope for mercy in the other world, I solemnly swear I never wronged her or you, even in thought."

These were the last words the unfortunate man ever spoke, and a few minutes after he breathed his last in the arms of the distracted baronet, who now felt that the brand of Cain was on him. Like a madman Sir Walter hurried back to the city, sought his wife, and told her all. Her emotions overcame her, and she swooned; and in that swoon he left her to seek safety in flight. It chanced that a vessel, bound for the coast of France, was just weighing anchor, and getting on board of her, the knight was soon beyond the reach of justice.

It is not our purpose to follow him on that journey of torture, but to sum up the consequences of his awful crime in as few words as possible. Ere the first anniversary of the direful deed, Lady Clendennan was no more. Some said she died of a broken heart. Within three years her two sons followed her, and the grief-bowed, conscience-stricken knight—pardoned by government, but not by Heaven—returned to his once happy home, only to feel it was a home for him no longer. As soon as he could, he now sold off his property, settled up his affairs, and sailed for the United States, taking with him his only remaining child, Rosalind, her governess, and two servants, who preferred following the fortunes of their old master to seeking a new one. After visiting various cities, he finally selected Philadelphia for his future home, purchased a handsome property, and settled down to a life of terrible gloom and remorse. As we shall soon have occasion to bring him before the reader in *propria personæ*, we will say nothing further of him in this connection.

Serious, if not fatal, were also the consequences of that tragedy to the surviving brother. Half demented by the shock, William Norbury never recovered to be himself again. A settled melancholy took possession of him; he neglected his business; he took to drinking; and finally, on the death of his son, determined to leave the country forever. He, too, as chance would have it—or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, as providence willed it—sailed for the very city in which the cause of much of his misery was then living. But he died on the passage, his wife did not long survive him, and the fate of poor little Ellen is so far known to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KNIGHT AND THE SURGEON.

It was a sad tale, so deeply interwoven with the history of her own family, and in which therefore might be found the primary cause of all the sufferings which she had endured, that Ellen Norbury for the first time heard from the lips of Rosalind Clendennan. Rosalind knew her own family history and the history of her mother's cousins, the father and uncle of Ellen, up to the period of the tragedy narrated; she knew, too, that subsequently to this there was a sad change in the surviving brother; and Ellen, by giving her early recollections of her parents, with the loss of her brother, and the sad end of all but herself, was thus able to supply the remaining links in the chain of fatal events. Previous to her meeting with Rosalind, Ellen had never heard the name of Clendennan but once, and then it had passed the lips of her father, in a state of partial intoxication, coupled with a curse that had made her shudder, and which had produced an impression on her mind that had never been erased. The name of her uncle had never been mentioned in her hearing, and from this fact the inference was now drawn that the subject of the tragedy was one to which her parents rarely, if ever, made an allusion. The history of Ellen's mother, up to the period already mentioned, was also known to Rosalind, and as Ellen knew nothing save that her mother's maiden name was Montague, this subject also became one of the deepest interest to her.

By these conversations, which occurred at different times, and when the parties were only in each other's company, Ellen learned wherefore it was so essential that her own name should be concealed from the father of Rosalind and the servants of the family. Of her father, Rosalind said but little, but from that little it was to be inferred that he was a miserable man—a prey to remorse and grief—at times cold, morose, and misanthropic—at times peevish and wayward—always eccentric and ascetic—and striving to compound with his conscience, by secret acts of charity, for a crime he could not forgive himself. He generally kept himself closeted in his library, rarely went abroad, received no visitors, and seemed to take little or no interest, beyond the aforesaid deeds of charity, in the world without. There were times, too, when he locked himself against intrusion, and permitted not even his daughter to see him for days together. He wholly abjured his title, constituted Rosalind sole mistress of his mansion, allowed her to do as she pleased in everything, and seldom took the least interest in her affairs. Such was the establishment, in a country foreign to his birth, of a once happy baronet, in which poor little Ellen found herself so singularly placed, by one of those freaks of fortune for which there is no accounting, except by the overruling power of providence.

Ellen had been more than six weeks in the house of the baronet, and was able to sit up an hour or two at a time, but, though curious to behold the person who had had such remarkable influence upon the fortunes of her family, she had not yet been favored with a glimpse of Sir Walter. One day, Rosalind having gone out with her friend, Linda, for a walk, the knight sent a courteous word to Ellen, by Mrs. Wyndham, that, if agreeable to her, he would pay her a visit. At this unexpected communication, Ellen was not a little agitated, but promptly replied, to the effect that the proposed visit would give her pleasure. Shortly after, Sir Walter entered the apartment of the young invalid, walking with a cane, and seeming in a feeble state of health. Ellen was seated in a large rocking-chair, propped up with pillows, and, as the knight slowly approached her, she fixed upon him a glance of curiosity, mingled with emotions akin to awe or fear.

The personal appearance of the baronet was not very prepossessing. He was small in stature, and his body and limbs had an appearance of being withered or shrunken; and the skin, of a sallow hue, was dry and wrinkled. He stooped considerably, and there was a painful nervousness in all his motions—the nervousness of one continually startled by the least discordant sound. His hair—what little he had, for the front of his head was bald—was as white as the driven snow, and had thus changed from a jet black in a single night. His face, by no means large, had now a cadaverous, ghastly look; and his once clear, keen gray eye was now wandering and unsettled, with a restless, unhappy expression. In short, the whole man was an embodiment of the wretchedness of mental torture. Talk of capital punishment for the murderer! of giving him the extreme penalty of the law! It is no more in comparison with the penalty inflicted by the law of God for the same offence, than mortal structure is with the universe! Remorse—deep-seated, eternal, corroding remorse—"the worm that dieth not—the fire that is not quenched"—this it is that punishes beyond all human invention, and gives the doer of iniquity his just reward.

As Sir Walter approached Ellen, he fixed his eyes searchingly upon her sweet little face, and then stopping suddenly, he threw up both hands, and in a sharp, startled voice, exclaimed:

"In the name of heaven! who are you?"

"My name, sir, is Ellen," replied the child, in a timid, trembling voice, for she was much startled at the question, look, and manner of the knight.

For nearly a minute the baronet, with his hands raised in an attitude of surprise and astonishment, kept his eyes riveted upon the niece of his victim, and then turning away, he sunk upon a seat, covered his face with his hands, and fairly groaned aloud, occasionally uttering:

"God be merciful to me, a sinner! God be merciful to me, a sinner! for Christ's sake! for Christ's sake!"

After a time he seemed to grow more composed, but now and then a long-drawn sigh, or a half-stifled sob, attested how great was the struggle with himself, and how much he suffered.

All this while little Ellen sat and watched him, with feelings of pity. Yes, strange as it may seem to such as make gold their god, the poor, despised orphan could find pity in her heart for the rich baronet; for though deep may be the distress of innocent poverty, it is the enjoyment of paradise compared to the sufferings of guilty wealth.

At last Sir Walter withdrew his hands from his ashy face, and turning to Ellen, said:

"Doubtless you think, child, that my conduct is very strange, but there is such a remarkable resemblance between you and one I once called friend, that the sight of you revived painful emotions. Did you ever do wrong, my child?"

"Yes, sir—many times."

"Yet your sweet face shows that you are innocent of any great wrong. God keep you so! What say you is your name?"

"Ellen, sir."

"But you have another name?"

"Yes, sir," returned Ellen, somewhat confused.

"Well, no matter—you need not mention it—*mea nihil refert*. Ah! forgetful me! I have not asked concerning your wounds!"

"I am getting better, sir—thank you."

"Do you suffer much pain?"

"Only a little, sir, now."

"But the pain of the mind does not mingle with that of the body—eh, child?"

"I don't think I understand you, sir."

"No; how should you? how should you? Well, I am pleased to know you are getting better. Do you want for anything?"

"No, sir—thank you—I have everything to make me happy."

"Heaven grant you ever have! Yet Rosalind tells me, when she found you, senseless and bleeding in the street, you were friendless."

"That was true, sir, then; but it isn't true now; for dear Rosalind tells me she is my friend."

"Believe her, Ellen, for her pure soul was never soiled by an untruth."

"I do believe her, sir; and I want to live, to show her how grateful I feel, and how much I love her."

"Good child! good child!" returned Sir Walter, in a state of partial abstraction, looking down upon the ground. A pause of more than a minute ensued. "It is strange!" he now muttered to himself; "it is very strange! such a likeness! Alas! everybody and everything seems to conspire to remind me of *him!* as if his image were not stamped upon my heart, in colors of blood! Well, well—God be thanked! I have not to bear the earthly burden much longer. This old frame must soon perish now, and then that at least will be at rest. Oh! that I could *know*, while *here*, what lies beyond this gloomy sphere of existence! Does the mind, tortured here, continue in torture there? God forbid! God in mercy forbid! Oh, Christ and all holy saints forbid! else must I suffer the conscience fires of eternal damnation! Death! thou seemest awful! and yet I look to thee for relief! Would to heaven it could be the relief of annihilation! Yet no—no—for then I should never again behold the beings I most dearly loved on earth! Death! Ah! there is coldness in the very sound! the very thought of it sends an icy chill over my unhappy spirit. Yet none can escape it! In all the ages of the past, whether surrounded by pomp or poverty—whether happy or miserable—none have lived to see the present—none of the present will live to behold the future; and they of the future will go down, generation after generation, millions upon millions, to the same cold, silent grave, and earth will be as if they had not been! *Hei mihi! Semel omnibus calcanda est via leti!*"

While thus speaking to himself, he seemed to have forgotten that another was present, and after another short pause, he resumed:

"In the beginning of the race of man, if we are to believe the Bible, the first human being born upon this earth became jealous of the second, his own brother, and murdered him; and God set a mark upon his forehead, and drove him forth, a miserable exile. Ah me! what need of branding and banishing? If he had a conscience, *hell* was with him, be he where he might!"

Saying this, he clasped his temples with both hands, started up, and, with an eager, trembling step, began to pace the room, to and fro. At length his eye falling upon Ellen, he stopped suddenly, and glaring upon her, with the look of a maniac, he exclaimed:

"Great God! do the murdered dead live in the next generation?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DECISION.—A woman of irresolute constitution gives herself a treat of the rack every time she is called to make up her mind respecting some petty domestic arrangement. The poorest arguments will make their way, when delivered with firmness and decision. Indecision arises from two very opposite causes—seeing our way too far, or not far enough.

NOBILITY is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of Time: but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its source than at its termination.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

BY R. DE W. C.

There is a love that speaketh,
Not is not heard aloud;
Its sacred language breaketh
Not on the busy crowd.
'Tis heard in sacred places,
Its sorrow to disguise;
'Tis writ in anxious faces
And meditative eyes.
It ever comes to render,
Kind thoughts when fond ones part;
Its tones are sweet and tender,
The language of the heart.

No art of man can teach us
This secret speech of love;
Though here its tones may reach us
They echo first above.
'Tis heard in gentle praises,
In pleadings soft and weak;
It tells in silent gazes,
What lips could never speak.
With strong electric fleetness
Its holy breathings start;
No speech can match its sweetness—
The language of the heart.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Rose Carrington was walking up and down one of the shaded garden paths the next morning, ruminating upon all that had occurred.

She knew that the coolness between the banker and his wife had been sensibly augmented by the events of the previous day.

"Roland's plot works well," she said to herself. "He is sure to succeed. He will drive my uncle's wife from the place she has usurped. He has done much already. Distrust, suspicion, resentment have all been aroused. The gulf widens, day by day. A little longer, and the work will be at an end.

"So far, all is well," she added. "But Roland is playing with fire. He might come to make love to Mrs. Vaughn in real earnest. I cannot contemplate such a misfortune. This wretched business must be hurried on as fast as possible."

It was the old dread that was upon her, finding speech again. She loved Roland Dane with all the fervor of which she was capable. It cut her to the quick to see him exposed, day after day, to the fascinations of a more beautiful woman than herself. There was too great earnestness by far, in his devotion to her uncle's wife to please Rose. How could she feel assured it was all assumed?

While her mind was busy with these thoughts, a step stirred the gravel of the path, and Roland himself slowly approached.

He drew her closely to him, pressing a kiss upon her cheek.

"Confess that you were thinking of me?" he said, merrily.

"I shall not confess to anything of the sort. But I am glad you joined me."

"Why?"

"Because I have something to say to you."

He glanced at her swiftly, a significant smile wreathing his lips.

"I can guess what it is," he said. "You wish to take me to task. You think my devotion to Mrs. Vaughn is not quite so innocent as I would make you believe."

"Yes," she answered, quietly. "I do think so."

"Bah!" shrugging his shoulders, whimsically. "Must I assure you every day of my life that you are the queen of my heart? You ought to take my word once for all. Besides, you deserve to be punished for certain love passages with Lennox, to which I am compelled to play the indifferent spectator."

She made an angry grimace.

"You know I do not care a rush for Eugene. I would break my engagement with him to-morrow, if——"

"If you could be sure of his bank stock and coupon bonds without taking him into the bargain," laughed Roland, carelessly. "Let us understand each other. I think I understand you, perfectly. You would sacrifice your dearest friend—even me, though I believe you are sincerely fond of me—for the sake of wealth and position."

A frown contracted Rose's lovely brow. She did not like this plain manner of speaking.

"Oh, Roland! How can you say such things?"

"But they are true, my dear," he returned, with provoking coolness.

"Surely Major Vaughn's niece can choose to suit herself, without regard to riches."

Roland laughed aloud.

"Major Vaughn's niece cannot choose to suit herself," he said. "She might, if she were sure of being the banker's heiress. But no such good luck is likely to befall her; and without her uncle's money, she is no better than I am."

"What do you mean?" stammered Rose, her face gray as ashes.

"Shall I tell you?" looking steadfastly at her. "I will, if you insist upon it."

"I do."

"I have been inquiring into your affairs a little, my charming Rose. I know a great deal more of them than the banker himself. When you came North, soon after your father's death, you gave yourself out to be an heiress, in a small way."

"And am I not?" she gasped out, sharply.

"Humph! I doubt if you have a dollar that rightfully belongs to you."

Rose staggered back a pace or two, drawing a long, sobbing breath.

"Do not betray me," she implored.

"I have no such intention. But I thought it was quite as well we should understand each other fully, as I said before. You and I have a pretty clever game to play before the good things of life drop into our waiting hands, unless I am much mistaken."

"Yes," she shivered, "a clever game, and an unscrupulous one."

"But we will play it together, and so increase our chance of success. We are both poor, we both want money, and are determined to have it at whatever cost."

"Yes," she said, shutting her lips hard together.

Roland did not speak at once, but stood looking searchingly at her, as if he meant to read her very soul.

"When we have attained our object, when the wealth we covet is really won," he said, at last, in a low, deep voice, "what will you do, then? Do you intend to become my wife?"

"Yes," she cried, with passionate fervor, pressing her bloodless lips upon the back of his hand. "Oh, Roland, do not doubt or distrust me. I love you better than all the world. I would marry you to-morrow, if I could."

"You promise to become my wife?"

"I swear to wed you as soon as fortune smiles upon our schemes."

"Enough," he said, for gazing at her pallid face and quivering lips, he could no longer doubt her sincerity. "You have given me fresh courage. The day of our prosperity is not distant. It will begin to dawn the very hour when Nora Vaughn is driven from Rosewood in shame and disgrace."

She gave him a swift look, and said:

"What do you mean, Roland?"

"Mrs. Vaughn's downfall is but a single step in the game I intend to play. Before the end comes, one half of the banker's entire possessions will be yours and—mine!"

She gave a quick cry, and stood quivering and trembling before him. She was beginning to realize the price that must be paid for the wealth she coveted.

"I need not say more at the present time," he went on. "Now banish forever your foolish jealousy of Mrs. Vaughn. She is but our victim, our dupe."

"I shall not be jealous of her again."

"I will trust you. And now I have a duty for you to perform. You know the White Swan Inn, two miles below, on the river road?"

She bowed her head.

"To-morrow, at three o'clock, you must manage to entice Major Vaughn to that inn. No matter to what pretext you resort—in that respect you must please yourself. Your fertile brain will assuredly suggest the means. Only, it is of vital importance that he should be there at the hour named."

"But why——?" she began, in extreme surprise.

He silenced her with an imperative gesture.

"I cannot stop to give my reasons for this request. You know they must be good, or I should not make it."

"Yes," she answered, "I do know it."

"I can depend upon you to perform my bidding?"

"You can," she said, very reluctantly.

"It is well. Now I must leave you! It would ruin everything if we were seen too much together."

He quickly kissed her lips, and disappeared in the direction of a little wicket opening upon the high road.

Rose looked after him with thoughtful eyes.

"And I love that man, base and unscrupulous as he is," she said to herself, "love him so well that I would barter my immortal soul to be assured of his smile."

She turned as she spoke, plunging deeper into the mazy windings of the shrubbery. Heart and brain were on fire, and she could not think of returning to the house so soon.

Suddenly her keen eye caught the flutter of a woman's dress in one of the most unfrequented of the garden paths. Parting the thick leaves, she saw Mrs. Vaughn steal noiselessly towards the spot where she stood hidden in the dense shrubbery.

CHAPTER XX.

WHICH WAS THE WIFE?

Nora walked with her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the ground. She looked pale and haggard, and there were dark circles underneath her eyes. All the brightness and bloom seemed to have been stricken suddenly from her face.

"Poor fool!" thought the watcher. "She is grieving over her husband's coldness. Ah! she little thinks how easily the cloud could be lifted from her life. It was an evil day for her when she first crossed my path."

Rose's pretty lips curled in supreme contempt. There were no compunctions of conscience as yet to murder her rest.

Nora passed on to a little arbor at no great distance. There she threw herself listlessly into a rustic seat, and buried her face in both hands.

Obeying a sudden impulse, Rose crept softly up to the rear of the arbor, and stationed herself where she could witness all that passed within it.

She had not been crouching in her strange hiding-place five minutes ere a woman's tall, thin figure darkened the entrance to the arbor.

She was a gaunt, sallow-faced woman, with strange yellowish eyes, and shining yellow hair—the same odd, half-crazed creature who had waited outside the gate of that house on the Harlem road, when Nora had left it on the way to the church where she was to be married—the same to whom Godfrey Vaughn had paid that visit in Cherry street.

Nora heard her step, the soft rustle of her dress, and looked up with a start.

"My good woman, what do you want?" she asked sharply, not very well pleased at being detected in an attitude of such deep dejection.

The person calling herself Mrs. Saltonstall advanced a step or two nearer.

"Perhaps I ought not to have come here," she faltered, looking as if ready to burst into tears. "Perhaps I had better go away immediately."

Her manner was so flurried, so excited, that Nora's sympathies were enlisted at once.

"Do not go," she said, in a kinder tone, "until you have told me what I can do for you."

Mrs. Saltonstall stood looking at her, and wildly wringing her hands.

"You could do me a great favor—a very great favor, if you only would; but I know you will refuse."

"Tell me what it is you wish me to do."

"Major Vaughn, the great banker, lives here?"

"He does."

"I knew it," and the woman looked ready to faint. "I must see his wife—I must see Mrs. Vaughn."

"Why do you wish to see her, my poor soul?"

"I have something to tell her—a secret to whisper into her ear alone. Go, for the love of heaven, go, and bring her to me."

Nora seemed very much surprised at the woman's vehemence.

"I am Mrs. Vaughn," she said, with calm dignity.

"You?" recoiling as from a tangible blow. "Impossible! You, the poor, deluded creature that man has married? I will not believe it."

Nora caught her breath sharply.

"Why do you call me a poor, deluded creature? Explain instantly the meaning of your words."

"I will," said Mrs. Saltonstall, her yellow eyes gleaming viciously, "if you are really the person I came here to see. Major Vaughn has imposed upon you. He never made you legally his wife."

"It is false!" cried Nora, rising to her feet, a crimson spot burning upon either cheek. "How dare you insinuate anything so absurd, so monstrous?"

"I have told you the truth," was the calm reply. "You have no right to be called Mrs. Vaughn, because the banker already had a wife when he married you."

"A wife?" echoed poor Nora, pressing one hand to her brow, as if the solid earth were reeling under her feet.

"Yes; Major Vaughn is my husband! To be sure, he cast me off, years ago; but that does not matter. The law never freed him from me. He is my husband—not yours." And she burst into a low, malicious laugh.

Nora did not answer. She could not. She stood transfixed, as if slowly turning into stone. The weight of some awful calamity, some dreadful trouble, seemed to stupefy her senses.

"I will not believe it," she cried out, sharply, after a long struggle with herself. "You have come here to malign the noblest man that ever lived."

"I have come here to open your eyes to a truth you ought to know, madam."

"I will not believe it," still persisted Nora. "You are crazed—beside yourself. You do not know what you are saying."

"You will believe the proofs, at least?"

"Yes, if you can produce any. But you cannot, and I am not to be imposed upon by any malicious falsehoods."

The woman seemed to reflect a moment, and, at last, with an evil grin upon her sallow face, she said:

"Only be patient with me, madam, and you shall have all the evidence necessary to prove I have spoken truly. I have no proof now to offer save my simple assertion."

"I thought so," said Nora, scornfully.

"But, if you will come to the White Swan Inn, at three o'clock to-morrow, I will be there with my marriage certificate, and the only living witness to the ceremony. Will you come?"

Nora hesitated, but something in the woman's manner had impressed her in spite of herself. She knew she should not rest nor sleep until this monstrous claim had been fully investigated. It would be better for her, better for all, that she should make such an appointment, and set every doubt at rest.

"Yes, I will come," she answered at last. "Not that I have the slightest faith in your absurd claim upon Major Vaughn, but to insure myself against being troubled by you again. I don't know your reasons for the assertion you have made, but they will doubtlessly be clear enough to-morrow."

The corners of Mrs. Saltonstall's thin mouth drooped ominously.

"You will do well to come," she said, in a significant voice. "And, as a friend, I advise you to say nothing of this meeting. Major Vaughn *might* find means to prevent me from keeping the appointment. I know he would try to do so."

She turned abruptly as she finished speaking, and quitted the arbor.

Which was the wife—the woman who went away, or the forlorn creature left behind?

Every word of this conversation had reached the ears of Rose Carrington. The woman scarcely disappeared when she, too, glided stealthily away.

She was puzzled, confounded, by what she had heard. She knew not what to think—whether to give the slightest credence to Mrs. Saltonstall's statement or not.

One fact went far towards convincing her the woman might be playing a part. The appointment had been made for three o'clock, at the White Swan.

At that same hour she (Rose) had promised to entice Major Vaughn to the self-same inn.

The coincidence was remarkable, to say the least. It could scarcely be the result of accident.

"I must await the result," Rose muttered, quite angrily. "I dare not even hazzard a conjecture. It is very unpleasant to be trusted in this half-way manner. I never know what to think, what to expect. Not even from Roland will I submit to it any length of time."

She went directly back to the house. Upon the verandah-steps she encountered Eugene Lennox with a small, morocco-bound traveling-bag in his hand.

"Are you going away?" she asked, in a tone of unaffected surprise.

"Yes, Rose." He came up to her, and took her hand in both his own. He looked very pale, and very grave and miserable.

"It is best my visit to Rosewood should terminate for the present," he said. "I was looking for you, that I might say farewell."

"This is very sudden," she returned, giving him a keen glance.

"It is. But, believe me, I am right in going."

"Will you not tell me why you go?"

"I would rather not," he said, gravely. "Some time you shall know; but not now. Please do not urge me. Let me keep my own secrets a little longer. When we are married, of course there must be perfect confidence between us."

He ended with a laugh that had almost a ghastly sound. His mirth seemed painfully forced. As if aware of this fact, he leaned quickly down and kissed Rose's lips.

"Farewell," he said, and went swiftly down the steps.

Rose glanced after him with anything but a pleasant expression upon her face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she muttered, with a sneer. "As if I could not read you like an open book! You are going away solely because you dare not trust yourself longer under the roof that shelters Janet Conway. Bah! If I decide to give you up, it shall not be to *her*. I shall take good care of that."

CHAPTER XXI.

TREACHEROUSLY BETRAYED.

When Nora Vaughn returned to the house from that interview with the strange-looking woman who claimed to be Major Vaughn's real wife, she had at once sought her own suite of apartments, locking the door against all intruders.

In her present frame of mind she could not summon courage to appear in the drawing room, and in other places she was wont to frequent, as if nothing had occurred.

Least of all could she calmly confront her husband, while the dreadful suspicion was doing its poisonous work in her mind. Against him, quite as much as against others, were her doors closed and bolted.

She excused herself from appearing at the dinner-table, under the plea of a violent head-ache, and nobody saw her again that night.

Bravely as she had met Mrs. Saltonstall's assertions—vehemently as she had denied their truth—it was not human nature to suffer the matter to slip quietly out of her thoughts. The dreadful possibility that Major Vaughn might have done her a foul injury was quite enough to inflame heart and mind, and sow the seeds of distrust.

The longer she brooded over the subject, the nearer she came to being convinced that the unknown woman had told her the simple truth when she said she was Major Vaughn's wife.

Perhaps the banker's coldness had not all been jealousy of Roland Dane, she reasoned. Perhaps he had tired of her already, and was sighing for the lost love of his youth he had cast aside so cruelly.

Then, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, she would wring her hands and sob bitterly, calling upon heaven to forgive her for doubting the best and noblest man that ever lived.

"This is my punishment," she would mutter hoarsely to herself. "I played a false and treacherous part in luring Douglas Vaughn on to make me his wife! I deserve to suffer for my duplicity, and heaven only knows how deeply my heart is being wrung. It is retributive justice."

And so the wretched woman moaned and sobbed the long night away.

The thought occurred to her more than once that Godfrey Vaughn might have something to do with her present trouble—that his threatened vengeance had already overtaken her. But she resolutely put it away.

"Vile as he is," she murmured, "bitterly as he is incensed against me, he would not be hard hearted enough to involve me in such utter misery. No, he knows nothing of it."

It was with feelings of the deepest impatience that she watched the slow hours as they were being ticked away, the next morning, by the little bronze and gold clock upon the mantle in her dressing-room.

At ten minutes past two, she left the house, in a plain walking-dress of silver gray, with a thick veil drawn closely over her face.

She had decided to walk to the White Swan Inn. The carriage was out—she had seen Major Vaughn and Rose drive away from the house in it, a full half hour ago. She did not wish to call attention to her movements by having a horse brought round. Roland might see and follow her, as he had done once before.

So she slipped quietly down the back stairway, and out through the glass door opening from the conservatory, and hurried along one of the shaded garden paths.

Just as she reached a little wicket opening into the high road, footsteps sounded close at hand, and Godfrey Vaughn emerged from one of the side paths.

He recognized her in spite of the thick veil that covered her face. Bowing low, he opened the wicket for her to pass through.

"It must be you contemplate quite a ramble, Mrs. Vaughn," he said, a strange smile curling his handsome lips.

She merely bowed, and passed on. But an odd sensation of dismay and heart-sickness thrilled all her being. There had certainly been an evil glitter in his eyes as he spoke.

Nora could not help thinking of this more than was good for her, as she hurried down the hard, smooth road that led past the White Swan. A sense of impending ill weighed down her spirits, making her more utterly miserable than before.

She heard a distant village clock striking the hour of three, just as she entered the yard pertaining to the inn. Inwardly trembling, she ascended the steps leading to the porch, where half a dozen men were sitting in the careless attitude of every-day loungers.

Suddenly, at this very instant, it occurred to her that she did not know for whom to inquire. The woman had not told her by what name she was known to the world.

There was but one resource left, and she took it. Boldly entering a long, narrow hall, she encountered, midway of it, a man whom she knew at once to be the landlord.

"I am Mrs. Vaughn," she said, throwing back her veil, and forcing herself to speak calmly. "I had an appointment to meet a certain person here. Perhaps you know all about it?"

Was it imagination, or did she hear a suppressed exclamation coming from an apartment at her left hand, the door of which stood slightly ajar?

At any rate the landlord changed color—she was sure of that—and glanced at her in a surprised, half-frightened way, anything but reassuring.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, confusedly, "I—I—do know. Come this way."

He turned to the right, and led her up a flight of unpainted stairs. When they had reached the landing, he paused an instant, glancing at her again in that odd, incomprehensible manner.

"Pardon me, madam," he stammered, "but your——"

He paused, biting his lip savagely. If he was about to utter words of warning, he evidently thought better of it.

Thoroughly perplexed, Nora confronted him quite sternly.

"Have you anything to say to me, sir?"

"Nothing." After a slight pause—"This is the room, madam," throwing open the nearest door. "You will not be kept waiting many minutes."

He bowed, and walked down the stairs again.

Nora went into the apartment, closed the door, and seated herself in a rush-bottomed chair by the window.

It was a very plain, uninviting apartment. Its furniture consisted of half a dozen chairs like the one Nora occupied, a deal table, and a horsehair lounge. The floor was covered with a rag carpet that had evidently seen considerable service.

But Nora scarcely noticed her surroundings. She was thinking of the woman who had made an appointment to meet her there, and wondering impatiently why she did not come.

At last a quick step came up the stairs—a man's step, and none of the lightest at that.

She sat bolt upright in her chair, pale and trembling, she scarcely knew why.

A pause, a fumbling at the latch, the door swung open, and Roland Dane entered!

Roland Dane, with a mocking, exultant smile upon his lips, and a diabolical light in his eyes, that struck with terror to the heart of that poor helpless woman.

Closing and locking the door, he advanced quickly to her side.

"It has been my duty to teach you a lesson, Mrs. Vaughn," he said, in a cool, quiet voice. "You know now, or at least soon will know, what it is to make an enemy of me."

She recoiled from him in terror unutterable, some faint suspicions of the trap that had been set for her beginning to dawn upon her mind.

"Unlock that door this instant!" she cried, recovering herself, while an angry crimson surged all over her face.

"It is not my wish to unlock it so soon, Mrs. Vaughn," he said.

"Coward!" She bounded past him, and tugged at the fastenings with her poor, helpless hands. "Let me out, or I shall scream for assistance."

He smiled coolly upon her.

"Did you not come here by appointment, Mrs. Vaughn?"

"At least I have made no appointment with an unprincipled wretch like yourself," she burst out hotly.

"No matter," returned Roland. "The people belonging to this inn think the appointment was made with me. They know nothing of the woman who sought you in the garden at Rosewood, yesterday, with such a pitiful tale."

The exultation and triumph in his tone were awful. They struck a chill to Nora's heart. A cry of despair broke from her lips.

"Then it was all a trick—a mean, cowardly trick—to lure me to this place?" she exclaimed, staggering back, and wildly wringing her hands.

"Softly, Mrs. Vaughn. Do try to compose yourself. I merely wished to assure you how useless, and worse than useless, it would be to appeal to the people in this house. Your own words, when you entered, would tell against you. Did you inquire of the landlord for a lady? No; you used the word 'person,' which will apply to my own sex as well as yours. The natural inference to be drawn is, that you asked for me!"

True, fatally, horribly true! Nora sank into the chair from which she had risen a moment before, pale, panting, almost dead with anguish and alarm.

She saw, clearly enough, the terrible position in which she had placed herself.

"I need say no more," went on that cool, mocking voice. "Your own good sense will tell you you have nothing to expect, save from my mercy."

Before she could answer—think calmly and collectedly she could not—a man's step came bounding up the stairs. Somebody tried the door, a ringing blow descended upon the oaken panels, and her husband's voice cried out, sharp and shrilly:

"Open the door, or I will burst it in!"

Roland Dane said nothing. He did not even appear surprised at the interruption. It looked as if he had expected it. He calmly folded his arms over his breast, smiling significantly to himself.

Two or three tremendous blows descended upon the door, the woodwork gave way with a sharp, crackling sound, and the bolt was wrenched clean out of its socket.

The next instant Major Vaughn burst into the apartment, white and furious, with Rose Carrington following close at his heels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LEGEND OF MALMAISON.

Malmaison, the scene of the Empress Josephine's joys and sorrows, is one of the most interesting and attractive of all the places in and around Paris. Does the reader ask why? Because, amid the splendor and luxury which Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and the rest exhibit, the quiet, charming, tasteful and homelike Malmaison is doubly valuable. The following legend is connected with Malmaison:

On a dark night of the year 1631, two men met at the hospitable hearth of the smoky little tavern on the Seine, near Malmaison. One of them was a handsome cavalier, found of life; the other a man of mature age, with sinister features. But, as a general thing, youth and buoyant life do not heed appearances much; and so it chanced that the young cavalier soon formed the acquaintance of the morose man. The wine loosening his tongue and opening his heart, he of the grim looks learned quickly enough that his young messmate was a nobleman from La Rochelle, called to Paris by a summons from the Court of Honor, to answer the charge of writing a sharp pamphlet against Cardinal Richelieu. The young cavalier was regarded as the author, though he stoutly denied having written it.

The youth and beauty of the nobleman had visibly made an impression upon his dark-featured listener. He became restless, and could scarcely await the end of the repast. Motioning to the cavalier, he stepped out with him, and halted upon a small eminence.

"Do you see yonder shadow?" he asked.

"Certainly," returned the cavalier. "It is a house inhabited by the bad man."

By that appellation Cardinal Richelieu was meant; the house was Malmaison.

"Very good," continued the morose man. "Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"I am the executioner of Chartres!"

The cavalier started.

"I will prove to you," said the man of blood, "that I, too, can be human. I warn you. At a special command, I have come hither to perform an execution. I fear, sir, you are the victim. Listen to me, for I wish to save you. Do you perceive yonder window of the chateau, just above the wall?"

"I see it."

"Very well; if I have *not* been summoned hither for you, a light will appear in that window within an hour; if my presence here is for *you*, the window will continue to be dark—then do you fly."

He quickly left the young man, who hastily saddled his horse, and looked in expectation at the window designated. He waited longer than a full hour: the window continued dark. The cavalier was menaced with death; the summons had merely been sent to decoy him to Paris. Richelieu never showed any mercy to his enemies. The nobleman leaped upon his horse, dashed forth into the darkness, and so escaped destruction.

FACETIÆ.

THE end of a candle is to give light.

AN effective sharpshooter—An aching tooth.

WHERE was the first nail struck On the head.

GOLDEN dreams often make men awake hungry.

LIGHT employment—Building castles in the air.

WHAT are the oldest tops in the world? Mountain tops.

WHAT fruit is the most visionary? The apple of the eye.

ENGAGING Photographer.—"Just you look a little pleased, miss. Think of 'im."

IF you want to find out a man's real disposition, take him when he's wet and hungry. If he is amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you have an angel.

Alone I sat; the convent bell tolled out
The midnight hour. Solemn, deep, and slow
The peal rang on the silent, wintry air.
Within the grate the embers flickered low,
And cast a solemn lustre in the room.
The lamp, as if by unseen, magic hand,
Like funeral tapers, glimmered, almost dead.
No noise, no step, the little mice are still.
The wind itself seemed hushed, and in the trees
No rustle sounded on the stagnant night.
A form before me rose, in ghastly white,
With eyes of questioning, and with pointing hand.
"What would'st thou, spirit?" and my trembling limbs
Quaked with mental ague under me.
The voice replied, a hollow, chilling voice,
"There's no molasses for the buckwheat cakes!"

"WHAT DID MARY SAY?"—A lawyer is responsible for the following:

During the trial of one Cogzell, for kidnapping, an incident occurred which created considerable fun at the expense of wigs and counsel. A Miss Sloan was giving evidence, and was requested to state all she knew about a certain transaction.

Witness.—"I was in the sitting-room when Mary came in from the kitchen hurriedly, and Cogzell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting-room door and said: 'Mary, you have been here long enough; come and go home now.'"

Counsel.—"What did Mary say?"

Counsel for the Prosecution.—"Stop there! I object to that question."

Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four lawyers participated, after which the judge gave a long and serious harangue on the subject, and, finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of the court that the question should be answered. The court-room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated:

"What did Mary say?"

And the witness answered simply;

"She didn't say a word."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

HALF-WORD SQUARE.

1. To defraud.
2. Warmth.
3. A part of the body.
4. A preposition.
5. A consonant.

FRANK VONDERSMITH.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.
2. A town of France.
3. A bay on the coast of Maine.
4. A delightful study.
5. An island south of Rhode Island.
6. To weep.
7. A vowel (sometimes).

Centrals form a pleasant study.

LITTLE ONE.

ENIGMAS.

1.

Twisted round the roundest waists,
Tied about the manliest neck;
Youth and beauty always tastes
Of pleasure when we're at their beck.

2.

We wrangle and jangle, we sing and we ring;
In fact, wer're a noisy lot;
Yet to ball and to rout we the merriment bring,
And 'tis dull enough where we are not.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1.

The ages of John and Reginald are together equal to twice Walter's age, the united ages of the three amount to twenty-four years, the sum of the cubes of their ages to 2,304. Find the age of each.

2.

A plum pudding being cut in two pieces, it is found that the larger weighs twenty-five ounces more than the other, and that half the greater added to twice the smaller piece, just gives the weight of the entire pudding. Find its weight.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 34.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 28, Vol. 54.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

J
B A Y
J A M E S
L E E
S

HIDDEN RIVERS.—1. Bug. 2. Indus. 3. Spree. 4. Adige. 5. Edisto. 6. Congo. 7. Osage. 8. Paro. 9. Chowan. 10. Kama.

REBUS.—

Dace.
Ice cream.
Apple.
Money.
Ore.
Noon.
Debt.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.—Putnam.

ENIGMA.—Fast.

ELSIE LE NOIR.

BY ADA WILDE.

It was a large, square building; so mantic, luxurious, yet with a sort of weird grandeur about it.

Dear old Woolton Hall—the scene of so much love, so much misery! I close my eyes for a moment, and the mind goes back to pay an involuntary tribute to thy beauty; the very air becomes fragrant with the sweet-scented breath of the "orange blossom," the golden jessamine, magnolias, luxuriant roses, fragrant violets, geraniums, and the lemon-scented verbenum. Memory bells toll loud and clearly! The tears arise; I stretch forth my hands in a dim, vague, expectant way, for out of the shadowy past I see again the forms of the loved and lost.

On the table before me a package of letters are lying superscribed, "Miss [illegible] Travilla, Woolton Hall, Charleston, S. C.," in the delicate chirography of Elsie Le Noir, my dearest friend, my most cherished companion. Sweet Elsie! In your low, cold house, so mute you lie; yet the stars shine, the birds sing, the great world goes on as ever, and your murderer walks the earth, and revels in the grace of fortune, esteemed of all mankind. Yet he walks with a curse tracking him; when I gazed upon her, cold—chill—dead—I cursed him! I curse him now! May he never know peace, summer, winter, morn, eve, ever!

Here is another small bundle: "Miss Gertie Travilla, Cottage Seminary."

I recognize the bold, immaculate handwriting of my guardian, Mr. Vinton Stanhope;

It was there I first met Elsie. She was a tiny, strangely sweet little thing, with large, spiritual, blue eyes, and mass of golden curls. I think from the first moment of greeting we loved each other; we studied, walked, talked, and shared the same room together, and in our hearts grew a love stronger than life, more powerful than death.

Elsie Le Noir was born in Vermont; was an orphan at the age of ten, bequeathed, as a dying legacy, to the love, care and consideration of her mother's only brother, Mr. Bradford Strathmore, who accepted the bequest out of common humanity, and what the world would say. Mr. Strathmore's family consisted of himself and wife. Mrs. S. was a haughty, thoroughbred aristocrat, patrician in every respect; the only daughter of a "count" (a Polish exile), and the wife of a merchant prince. She never quite forgave her unfortunate sister (by marriage) for her sudden demise and parting request—I might say, bequest! Children she considered unnecessary comforts, and not even the "pure, angelic face" of the tiny orphan had power to exorcise the cold worldliness of her nature.

Did no tears of tenderness glisten in those cold, proud eyes, falling as drops of gentle, pitying sorrow into the aching, desolate heart of the little one? Did no memory of the mother heart, the mother lips, lying cold and still in the arms of death cause that icy, ringing voice to melt into tender tearfulness, and whisper words of loving sympathy? No! The little one was sent away to a school where she would be cared for, mentally and morally. So my Lady Strathmore, feeling as if she had performed a very virtuous act, draped her elegant shawl more artistically about her high-bred shoulders, and sailed calmly and gracefully as of yore down the path of life.

At seventeen Elsie was far in advance of most girls of her age; she had studied hard, and every day her cherished purpose was drawing nearer its accomplishment—to become a "governess," to be independent of the cold bounty of those who supported her.

This was our last session at school, and we hailed our approaching freedom, and separation, with mingled feelings of joy and sadness.

I had often in glowing, extravagant language, described the beauties of my Southern home to Elsie, and watched those eyes, those strangely mystic eyes, deepen to the hue of the violet, as she listened.

A brilliant idea took possession of me. What was to prevent Elsie going home with me for a good long visit? We neither of us could bear the thought of parting; and, I rightly surmised, her Aunt Strathmore could have no particular objection. I wrote to that lady myself for a permit, and received her cold, formal consent.

"Oh, Gertie, this is what heaven must be like. I think I would like to die here, it is so peaceful, so beautiful."

"Don't die, I beg," I laughingly answered, well pleased at her undisguised admiration. "Come here, and look at the fishes."

The water in the fountain was clear as crystal, and myriads of gold and silver fishes twinkled and darted through it, like so many living jewels.

It was the first morning after our arrival at my darling old home, and we wandered, hand in hand like two happy children, here, there, everywhere. Elsie, who was in her heart a poetical voluptuary, gazed about her with an air of calm, still enjoyment, her fair face fairly radiant with delight. This was the first of a series of happy days; we had sails, rides, drives, without number, and then the serpent entered our Eden.

It was one gloriously beautiful morning, and we started forth for a long ramble. We wandered on and on, until we reached a part of the plantation we had not yet visited; and here beneath the delicious shade of two large orange trees, fragrant with blossoms, we rested. I threw myself down on the grass, smooth and soft as green velvet, and with my head in Elsie's lap, noted the sweet, musical intonation of her voice, as she read "Sweet Ellen Adair."

Her voice went on, softer, sweeter:

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly like a bird from tree to tree:
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair comes back to me!"

then ceased, and we were very quiet.

"Gertie, I was just thinking——"

What she thought I never know, for at this moment, a rich musical voice interrupted our reverie.

"Ladies, or fairies, can you inform—— Miss Gertie! as I live! Have you no welcome for your old friend?"

For I was gazing at him with (unintentional) curiosity, admiration, and amazement. Where had I seen that handsome face?

"Permit me."

I took the card and read—Beverly Stanhope.

He was the son of my guardian, and some fifteen years my senior. I knew very little about him, beyond the fact that he was considered a traveled wonder. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, one of those men, whose first appearance is so irresistably impressive.

Upon Elsie his dark handsome eyes rested, and an expression of the most vivid admiration was portrayed upon his fine features.

You cannot imagine a fairer picture than Elsie as she sat there, her long curls falling over her white robe, like sunshine over snow.

"This is Elsie Le Noir—my dearest friend. Mr. Stanhope—Elsie."

Elsie raised her face, so strangely fair in its quiet beauty, and meeting those dark fathomless eyes bent upon her in mute adoration, her cheek deepened to a delicate rose-leaf flush, as she shyly though sweetly acknowledged the courtesy. Beverly Stanhope proved a very agreeable companion; he was handsome, fascinating, generous, a thorough man of the world in every particular.

For a few days Elsie was very shy, and then they got on nicely together. They took long walks, and drives, and every day Elsie grew more sparklingly beautiful. One evening, it was after twilight (a good while) and they had not returned, it was very damp, and Elsie was clad in a dress of flimsy, gauzy material, and I knew her delicate constitution would not permit of imprudence. So I started forth alone after the truants. I had another motive; we expected company, and I wanted assistance in entertaining them. Elsie had an exquisite voice, and warbled like a bird. I directed my footsteps, I don't know why, towards the place of their first meeting; and as I neared the spot heard voices.

"My child-angel! My Elsie! Can you love me—trust me in all things? Speak, little one, do you mean yes, that you nestle your little golden head so confidingly, may I say lovingly, upon my breast?"

"You know I do! You know I could not help it!"

"Well, but I want to hear your sweet voice say, 'Beverly, I love you!'"

I stole quietly away, and when, an hour later, they came in, he looking so proud, handsome, triumphant, she so gloriously beautiful, I stared at her in amazement; her cheeks were flushed a deep crimson with unwonted excitement, and her eyes glowed strangely bright. Later, I was, as I expected, informed of what I partly knew.

"To think he loves me! Poor little me! He so great, so good, so wise! I cannot believe there is so much happiness for me. It seems as if the cup of joy is too full—that it must fall and break."

"Do you love him so much, *chere?* Tell me truly."

"Love him!"

Her look was enough—a nature to love but once—and I knew that she loved, nay worshiped, him with a love stronger than life; that henceforth she would live but in his smile—his will her law.

After the engagement was proclaimed, a strange restlessness took possession of Mr. Stanhope. Never was there a more impatient lover.

So Elsie yielded to his entreaties, and they were married without delay. It was with a feeling of uneasiness I could not define I watched them drive away. Yes, it was all over—the wedding, the crying, the kisses, the promise to write every day, and speedy reunion.

"Good-bye, my darling Gertie! My more than sister!"

"And Elsie, you will let me know, or come to me in trouble of any kind? Promise! Quick!"

"Trouble! Why, you young specimen—but there, I promise. Coming!" One more embrace, and with her sweet face sparkling through tears, Elsie ran to meet her lover-husband, who was striding somewhat impatiently up and down.

Some six months had elapsed, letters had been exchanged less frequently of late. I had followed in the footsteps of Elsie, and was now suffering from a first attack of that fitful flame-fever, love.

My conscience upbraided me for my negligence, and as I thought of bygone days, a quick wave of tenderness passed over my heart. Dear little Elsie, I must see her! I would! As if in answer to my thoughts she appeared before me. With a cry of joy, I sprang forward to welcome her.

"No, no! Do not touch me, Gertie. You are pure, and I—what am I? He said I was his life-angel—his wife! What had I done, Gertie, that I should be so cursed?"

"Nothing, my darling; you are weak and sick. Come and rest on my bed—our bed, you know—and all will come right, by-and-by."

I put her in bed, and sent for our family physician, Dr. Burdell.

"She has had some severe mental shock," he said, gravely, "and I fear for the result."

It was during the ravings of delirium I gleaned many facts, and a crushed, crumpled note in the pocket of her dress enlightened me to a great extent.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

DEAR BERTIE.—While in Italy (at Florence), three years ago, I "wooed and won" Carlotta De Lisle, for my bride. I did not feel one tithe of love for her (as you can rightly surmise), her wealth was the chief attraction; yet I must confess I admired her dark, fiery beauty. Well, I came over here upon business; intended remaining several months, have been here nine—ramus, love. I met Elsie, down amid the spice laden breezes of the South; she was (and is) pure as heaven, and fair as an angel. I'm, unfortunately, romantic; so I fell madly, passionately in love. Poor little Elsie! I have blighted her young life; and sincerely, Bert, I feel the most cursed sinner that ever breathed the breath of life. For I married her, do you understand? I with a wife living; you can comprehend the legality of the thing. But it must come to an end; the sweet, bitter dream—treachery and deceit. So here goes: the magnolia or the daisy, vinegar or sugar! I reluctantly take—vinegar. For Carlotta has a spice of the devil in her composition; therefore, I consider it both prudent and polite to be homeward bound. I leave in your hands a sum sufficient for all the necessaries. Make up any lie you choose. Better send her (Elsie) to Charleston: Gertie will have more influence than any one. Heavens! how that little snap dragon will blaze. I would rather not think about it.

"I start in an hour; so *au revoir*, old boy.

"HEV."

For days Elsie raved on; she awoke at last calm, sane, dying. Whether it was mercifully permitted that all the past should be blank, I do not know. She made no mention of it or him. She died calmly, peacefully. We laid her to rest in a quiet spot, 'neath the shade of her favorite orange tree, and erected *in memoriam* a small, tiny cross, exquisitely sculptured from the purest of marble, bearing the simple inscription—"ELSIE, AGED EIGHTEEN. 'THE DEAD SLEEP WELL.'"

SHOOT a cannon ball against a column of smoke, and it shatters the column, but only for an instant, when it re-unites. So it is with death. It dissolves the theory we call life for a second, to be re-united elsewhere forever.

HARPOONING A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BY CLAIRE INGELO.

We had been some nine months from home, and were nearly out of wood. Sailing lazily down the Mozambique channel, but seeing no signs of sperm whales, we arrived at the Bazaseta Islands, whither the captain had determined to go in search of wood. These isles are situated in the Mozambique, at but short distance from the mainland of Africa. They are thickly wooded, and but sparsely inhabited, both which circumstances contributed in the present instance, to making them a favorite place of resort for our captain.

We sailed into the little bay formed by the islands and the neighboring mainland about seven o'clock one morning, and, after coming to anchor, furling sails and clearing a space in the hold for the reception of the wood, took axes to the mate's boat, and proceeded to an inspection of the facilities for cutting and boating off firewood, afforded by the different little islets.

It must be premised here, that our ship lay at the distance of about two and a half miles from the mainland, the different isles being from half a mile to three miles distant.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise is a work requiring some days and often weeks; and it had been determined that the first, and if need be, the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible. Consequently we (the mate's boat's crew) had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the beaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed our boat to the nearest island.

Landing her, we found nought but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said: "Trim aft, Tom—there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland."

Accordingly, the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an unusual treat of some segars, which our chief officer had good naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the mainland, we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw a black skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boat-steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he, drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig, either, nor porpoise, nor—no," said he, with some degree of animation; "nor anything else that wears black skin, that I ever saw."

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows—and there again—and over here, too," said several voices in succession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys; let's pull and see what it is."

We took to our oars, and the boat was soon darting forward at a good speed, toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat bought up "all standing" against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us down into the bottom of the boat.

As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently sank down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question, which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it; so pull ahead."

We were again under headway, keeping a bright look-out for the reappearance of the stranger.

"There they are—a whole shoal!" said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of the white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we will soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water just ahead," said the boat steerer.

"Pull easy, lads; I see him. There—way enough—there's his back!"

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's.

"Stern all! Back water—back water, every man!"

The infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as, in his agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round as he seized the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk, he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, sank down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was traveling along by a line of blood, as well as by the air-bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the boat steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead of us.

"Pull ahead a little; let us get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around, so—now stern all." And the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim.

With a roar, louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water! back water, I say! Take down this boat-sail, and stern all—stern all, for your lives!" as two or more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it into his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the shoal, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and I'll soon settle him with a lance!"

This was done; and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart.

With a tremendous roar and a desperate final struggle of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and, after sinking momentarily, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as the whale does when he dies.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for victory, towed the carcass to the not far-distant shore. It was luckily high tide, and we got the body up to high-water mark, where the speedily receding tide left it ashore.

On measuring, we found our prize to be a few inches less than fifteen feet long, from his head to the commencement of his short, hairless tail. We could not measure his girth, but his bulk was enormous. His legs were disproportionately short, giving him, conjointly with his short neck and very large head, an awkward, stolid appearance, which the agility he displayed in the water by no means justified.

We had not been long on shore, when several natives made their appearance. They testified much joy at the sight of this prize, and went through a most lively pantomime, from which we gathered that the beasts were a great plague to them, that the meat was good to eat, and that they would like a portion. The hint was not lost upon us, who had not tasted fresh beef for six months.

"What say you, boys; will you try a piece of hippopotamus steak?" proposed the mate; and as no one dissented, we got the axes, and after considerable chopping and hacking, got off the head, when we were enabled to cut ourselves about twenty-five pounds of what appeared to be tolerably tender meat, off the forequarter of the animal.

Our steaks were cooked for supper, and whether it was that we were blessed with an unusually good appetite, or that the meat was actually well flavored, certain it is that they tasted delicious, and that we ate heartily of them.

TAKING AND GIVING OFFENCE.

Half the people in the world have had friends whom now they know no more, yet with whom they never have had any absolute quarrel.

"There seemed to be some coldness, and we left off seeing each other," is the excuse, and no more is known, at least on one side. A candid talk might readjust everything; but there is no such talk, and each goes his way with a thorn in his breast—a miserable state of things enough, but a very common one. Ten to one a falsehood is at the bottom of it; perhaps only a look misinterpreted; perhaps nothing. We all wish that one who is offended with us would candidly state the reason. To clasp a hand in honest friendship one day, and on the next receive a distant bow and a glance of mysterious reproach, is very hard, and often very cruel.

One cannot walk up to the offended individual and say, unasked, "I haven't said anything against you. I haven't called you any names, or expressed any evil intentions towards you." It would be placing one's self in the position of the little boy of whom we heard, who, having plucked the flowers from his grandmother's carnation pink, had resolved to assert his innocence, and exposed himself by volunteering the declaration. "Gamma, I didn't teal oo pink," before any one but himself knew of the robbery. Your friend would be confirmed in his suspicion by your words.

As for ostensible causes for offence, there are plenty of them. Quoting Shakespeare seems an innocent thing enough; but mortal offence was once given by the line

"Shake not thy gory locks at me,"

uttered by an individual who had forgotten that the person to whom she spoke had red hair. Jones, forgetting to introduce Smith to Brown, makes two undying enemies, each believing the other a distinguished personage, to whom Jones was ashamed to present an ordinary personage like himself. Bashful girls offend their lovers by trying to conceal the fact that their hearts are touched, and bashful men offend the women they love, out of pure stupidity and terror of them. Old Goldbags' nephew is disinherited because he cannot laugh at his uncle's jokes; and married pairs have parted because of quarrels that had their origin in the color of a glove or the flavor of a pudding.

HABIT.—Scott, in his autobiography, tells a story against himself, illustrating his early perception of personal peculiarities. One boy was always above him in his class, and, do what he would, he could not pass him, till, observing him always fumbling at a lower button of his waistcoat as he answered a question, it occurred to him to cut it off on the sly. He watched with some anxiety for the result. The ruse answered only too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought for the button; missing it, in his distress he looked down for it in vain. "He stood confounded," says the penitent aggressor. "I took his place, nor did he ever recover it, or suspect the author of his wrong." This story, however, tells two ways. Doubtless some bodily habits establish associations favorable to the memory, and quieting to irritability; the mischief is that the mind becomes dependent, and is stranded when cut off from the old moorings.

Mineral Remedies Superseded.

All except those who refuse to be convinced by the most positive proof, admit the infinite superiority of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to the mineral remedies which it has to a very great extent superseded, and which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the human stomach, may eventually be abandoned altogether. The Bitters are a most potent corrective of disorders of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Habitual constipation, dyspepsia, bowel complaints, and the numerous and changeful symptoms which indicate internal weakness or disease, are in every instance not only relieved, but cured, by a persistent and systematic use of this sovereign remedy. Intermittent and bilious remittent fevers may be rarely prevented by a daily use of this powerful but pleasant and mild tonic. Physical vigor is the best armor in which to encounter disease. Secure it by recourse to the Bitters.

FIRE DOCTORING.

A writer on Moorish life says: "In Fez are fire-doctors, who sit in the street which joins the Old Town to the New Town. Before them they have an iron pot, with a grate, on which the fire is burning. A little basket with charcoal is on one side, and a goatskin bellows. A patient appears; he has perhaps slept out of doors in the rain, is ill in consequence, and supposes he has been bewitched. He presents himself before the famous fire-doctor, Si-Edris, a man all the more famous because he is a Thaleb—that is, he can read—as a proof of which a thick folio lies beside him. The doctor does not read very well—no better in fact than a child of six, although he is sixty; but, on the other hand, it is not a book that is very difficult to read, for from beginning to end it is only one sentence over and over again, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His messenger.' In the meantime, he has worked the fire with his bellows to a glow, and made white-hot several iron rods about two feet long, and with wondrous knobs and hooks at the end. The sick man lies down on his face and draws up his clothes from his back; the passers-by collect into a crowd; the doctor draws a red-hot iron from the fire, and saying, 'In the name of God,' passes it with great deliberation here and there over the back and loins, so that it makes a hissing noise, and a smell of burnt flesh ascends into the air. The patient does not utter a cry; he grinds his teeth together, and only the drops of sweat upon his forehead betray the pain he undergoes. The operation being over, he lies for some time upon the ground, as if in a fainting state; the spectators pass their beads through their fingers and praise God and Mohammed. Presently the man turns his head and says, 'Si-Edris!' 'What do you want?' 'Another fire.' 'Then give me my due,' replies the doctor. The patient produces a mosona (about the fourth part of a groschen) from a fold of his clothes, and the operation is renewed. Si-Edris is always paid in advance, and will never permit any disputing as to his fee."

THE difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients—"In time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their sons."

CHOICE READING
FOR THE
WINTER EVENINGS.

We have at present a limited number of complete sets of THE POST containing the whole of each of the following Brilliant, Entertaining and Original Serials, *which cannot be obtained elsewhere, or in any other form.*

Persecuted; *or, A Brave Woman's Trials.* By Dr. Charles C. Northrop, author of "Twice Married; or, Compton's Revenge," etc., etc. "PERSECUTED, a strikingly clever and original romance, is written in a charming, natural, and clever style; the story is concisely and dramatically told; there is no lack of excitement to wile the reader on; and from first to last, a well-planned and well-developed plot is sustained with spirit and unflagging interest." - - Fifty cents (50).

The Ebony Casket; *or, The Raymond Inheritance.* By Reit Winwood, author of "The Chilton Estate;" "A Black Sheep in the Fold;" "Baffled;" "The White Spectre;" "The Wronged Heiress," etc., etc. THE EBONY CASKET is written by an author who has already won a reputation as a powerful and original novelist. This serial is full of incident, and abounds in situations; the characters are drawn with a strong hand, and the plot is well worked up. It is, altogether, a work of ability and power, and cannot fail to rivet the attention of all readers. Seventy-five cents.

Face to Face; *or, Sinning for Her Sake.* By the author of "Gerald," "Twice Won," etc. The author has already won distinction as a writer of serials of marked literary merit and absorbing interest. FACE TO FACE abounds with stirring scenes and pictures of life at home and abroad, which cannot fail to entertain, as well as instruct every one. - - - - - - - - - One dollar (§1).

Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer; *or, The Maid of Cawnpoor.* A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges. By Orphnia R. Charnock. The history of the world contains no more thrilling episode than that of the Sepoy insurrection in India, in 1857, and among the most wonderful occurrences are those which cluster around the siege of Cawnpoor. Many dark pages stain the history of those dreadful days; and the wildest flights of the novelist cannot exceed the authenticated incidents that marked the struggle of Great Britain to retain her supremacy in India. DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER, is a master-piece of portraiture which will hold the reader's interest from beginning to end. The snake-charmer is one of those strange characters that are only found in that mysterious country—cunning unfathomable, and relentless as the native tiger of the jungles. Captain Ned Livingston, the hero, is a young American, who becomes involved in the very vortex of the rebellion, in his efforts to save his betrothed, Cora Wilson, from the merciless Sepoys. Her experience is of the most thrilling nature. Her journey through the rebellious district to Cawnpoor is marked by peril at every step, and the picture of the scenes in the city during the memorable siege; the portrait of Nana Sahib, the arch fiend of the insurrection, whose life reads like the wildest romance; the massacre at Cawnpoor; the miraculous escape; the struggle in the city; the final victory—all these are drawn with a master-hand, and woven in with these accurate historical descriptions are the adventures of the characters in whom the reader will feel the deepest interest from first to last. - - Fifty cents (50).

Wrung from the Grave; *or, The Stolen Heiress.* By Mary E. Woodson, author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oaklands," etc. The latest and best effort of this able and popular writer. The plot is drawn with great care, and so skillfully developed as to challenge admiration and enchain the attention. The characters are naturally drawn, the incidents devoid of anything improbable, yet the story is full of startling interest, and the complications and situations strikingly and powerfully portrayed. WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE is a narrative of everyday life, leading directly to the door of truth, detailing facts—stranger than fiction—in the most natural and charming manner, creating that deep sympathy which every true heart feels for those who are cruelly wronged. - - - - - (One dollar (§1).

Gentleman Dick; *or, The Cruise of the Dolphin.* A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific. By Captain Clewline. The main incidents of this exciting narrative are founded upon facts within the knowledge and personal experiences of the author, a gentleman of literary reputation, who spent several years of his early life on board a whaleship to the North Pacific Ocean. Captain Clewline has presented, in most attractive style, a narrative of thrilling scenes and hairbreadth escapes, combined with a large amount of valuable and interesting information. While GENTLEMAN DICK is especially intended to interest and instruct the boys, readers of all classes and ages will find the dangers, trials, scenes and incidents which attend the fortunes of the youthful hero so graphically told, as to arouse their curiosity and enchain their attention to the end. Seventy-five cents (75).

In addition to the completed story, each number contains Tales, Sketches, Essays and Poems equal to one hundred and fifty pages of an ordinary 12mo. vol., presenting the best and cheapest reading offered to the public.

They will be forwarded to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Address,

Saturday Evening Post.
727 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

ADVERTISEMENTS

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOKS.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's celebrated works. They are complete in Thirty-seven volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price §1.75 each; or §64.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

How He Won Her.	The Deserted Wife.
Fair Play.	The Lost Heiress.
Victor's Triumph.	Love's Labor Won.
A Beautiful Fiend.	The Gipsy's Prophecy.
The Artist's Love.	The Three Beauties.
A Noble Lord.	Vivia; Secret of Power.
Lost Heir of Linlithgow.	The Two Sisters.
Tried For Her Life.	Miriam, the Avenger.
Cruel as the Grave.	Wife's Victory.
The Maiden Widow.	The Mother-in-Law.
The Family Doom.	Haunted Homestead.
The Bride's Fate.	Lady of the Isle.
The Changed Brides.	Fallen Pride.
Prince of Darkness.	The Widow's Son.
The Christmas Guest.	Allworth Abbey.
Bride of Llewellyn.	Retribution.
The Fortune Seeker.	India; or Pearl River.
The Bridal Eve.	Curse of Clifton.
The Fatal Marriage.	Discarded Daughter.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition of all the popular works written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. They are complete in Twenty-one volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price §1.75 each; or §36.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

Bellehood and Bondage.	The Rejected Wife.
The Old Countess.	Mary Derwent.
Lord Hope's Choice.	Fashion and Famine.
The Reigning Belle.	The Heiress.
A Noble Woman.	The Old Homestead.
Palaces and Prisons.	The Gold Brick.
Married in Haste.	The Wife's Secret.
Wives and Widows.	Doubly False.
Ruby Gray's Strategy.	Silent Struggles.
The Curse of Gold.	The Soldier's Orphans.
Mabel's Mistake.	

LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER.

By A. H. Monteith. Price 40 Cents each.

FRENCH Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
GERMAN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
SPANISH Without a Master. In Four Easy Lessons.
ITALIAN Without a Master. In Five Easy Lessons.
LATIN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.

Any one or all of the above five Languages can be learned by any one without a teacher, with these books. Price Forty cents each. The five books are also bound in one large volume. Price Two Dollars a copy.

Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers.

Copies of any one or more, or all of the above books, will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting their price, in a letter, to the Publishers.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

GEORGE A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

54,000

Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.

Send for Price Lists.

Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL
CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA,
ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,
ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER,
AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,
DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF
THE LUNGS AND THROAT,
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH
AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN
AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price §1 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated; for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflamation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents a box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the fastest selling book ever published. Send for specimen pages and our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA and CHICAGO.

FOR MARKING LINEN WITH INDELIBLE INK.

Emma F. Goodwin

The only neat and reliable manner is with one of our superior and warranted silver name-plates. Various styles made to order, with ink, brush, box, etc., complete. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents. Circular sent free. Address, THEODORE RUE, Quaker City Stencil Works, No. 234 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

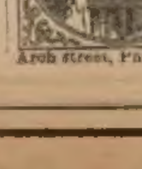
WANTED—Agents for the best selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 13 sheets paper, 13 envelopes, Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cents. Circular free. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. drawer 120, Fultonville, New York.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs nothing to try it. Particulars free. P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

AGENTS WANTED—Men or Women; $34 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. Reed, Eighth st., New York.

$20 per day at home, 48 new articles, and the best family paper in America. Terms free. Family Journal, 300 Broadway, N. Y.



Electro Silicon is GUARANTEED to be the BEST ARTICLE KNOWN for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD and SILVER-WARE and HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 903 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Fashion Boudoir, Notes & Queries

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We have actually been favored with a peep, quite a "comprehensive" one, too, at the new bonnet and those charming hats that are destined to usher in the spring campaign. They are decidedly large, both in rim and crown. The favorite material for them seems to be fine soft chip—black, white, brown, dark-gray, and pearl color. Some of the crowns are high, and indented very much like the "Grant" hat popular for gentlemen's wear; others have round crowns and flat crowns. The brims are all wide; the shape decided pretty much by the manner of turning or rolling them up. Some are turned up in front, as many prefer to wear the brim looped up directly in the back. Others again are rolled evenly all round, while in turn we see the Rubens style, with both sides looped closely against the high-pointed crown.

The trimming will not be, as heretofore, heavy ribbons and velvets, but soft scarfs of India silk, and a very rich figured silk serge, with figures brocaded upon it in satin; China crepe and Oriental satin will also be used. Wreaths of flowers and trailing sprays will also be much used. For those whose tastes are led to prefer more compact trimming, there are shown lovely clusters of violets, anemones, rose buds and fern leaves, double narcissus and snowdrops—in fact, anything charming, spring-like, and becoming, that could be named or desired.

We must not omit to describe one of these new styles.

It had a moderately high and indented crown, with a wide rim, turned up to the left of the front. The material was black chip, bound around the edge with pale lilac satin *d'Orient*. A wide scarf of the same, laid in many soft folds, was placed around the crown, tied in a large loose bow behind, and the ends, irregular in length, were trimmed with fringe of silk twisted, not sewed on, but knotted in with a crotchet needle. A cluster of palest pink dog-roses, with a shading of buff in the centres, was placed in front, just where the brim was looped, and trimmed about the crown; a long spray of half-opened and closed buds falling over the shoulder. On the right side was placed a grayish wing, mingled with vivid carmine tints; behind it two closely-curled tips, one black, the other gray. The combination of colors may seem strange, but the effect was most artistic and stylish.

Another, of felt, was of the palest shade of gray, almost a white. The crown round, the brim turned up all round, the edges unbound. A scarf of gray China crape was tied in a large double bow at the left side; a wreath of smilax, with a cluster of dark Louis Phillippe rosebuds, directly in front, and a pendant cluster at the back, hanging, as it were, by the stems. A wing of shaded scarlet, and a tuft of heron's feathers complete the garniture.

Great care should be taken in the selection of a hat, that it should correct instead of bringing out more forcibly the defects of the face. For instance, a hat with a broad brim and low crown, the brim turned up squarely in front, above a wide, round face, not youthful or piquant enough to stand the severe *exposé*, is a mistake which we have often pitied in these days of flared rims. For such we would suggest a hat or bonnet, with a moderately high crown, and the brim either rolled evenly all around, or else looped at one side. For those who have long, slender faces, we would advise hats or bonnets with rather low crowns, and the brim looped on both sides; or if the eyes are large and fine, a modest loop of the brim in front is very becoming, not the flat or square "flare up," that offends good taste at every turn. Above all things, do not wear your hats entirely back, hanging sailor-fashion on the napes of your dainty necks. Let a part of the head at least be covered.

After so prolonged a gossip upon the subject of head-gear, let us turn our attention to the new suits.

A great fancy for puffing and shirring continues, and bids fair to last on into a new season.

A very pretty dress of camel's hair serge, of the palest dove color, was made with the underskirt trimmed about the bottom with a deep kilted flounce. The front and side breadths were entirely covered with longitudinal puffs or shirs. A large box plait, made apart from the dress, was put on in the back, trimmed down the centre with pearl-colored silk buttons, and small bias strips of silk to simulate button-holes. The overdress was a sort of loose polonaise, made open in front, and looped away towards the back so as to display the shirred front of the underskirt. The bottom of this polonaise was trimmed with a loose untwisted fringe of the same shade as the material, headed with two little folds of silk. The back of the polonaise was cut apart from the waist, which latter ended in short basque tabs, also edged with fringe. Very large square pockets were placed at the sides, far back. The sleeves were puffed around from the shoulder to the wrist, in what are known as bayadere puffs. The neck had a full round ruff and double revers upon the bust. This garment could be worn half loose or belted in, at the pleasure of the wearer.

ODDS AND ENDS.

One of the prettiest lockets we have seen, was a crystal from Genoa, finely cut and polished, set in a fine rim of frosted silver, and suspended by a silver ring.

The famous "dog collar" necklaces of black velvet, worn high about the throat, sometimes embroidered with pearls and precious stones, so popular with Eugenie and her court, are again in vogue.

The most elegant Parisian belles prefer their gloves for street wear to be entirely plain and void of stitching or other ornaments; gray or pearl color are given the preference, or else plain black.

A fashionable fancy work for the ladies is the guipure dart so popular for tidies, curtains, etc. The foundation is first netted, then the pattern darned on.

The new veil is long and does not fit closely to the face.

Pekin is a new Oriental fabric, with stripes of tulle alternating with stripes of embroidery.

The fashion of different colors in gold combined in chains and lockets is revived. It carries one back to a generation gone by.

Boots of satin to correspond with the color of the dress are among the novelties for evening wear.

Violets and tea rosebuds mingled with smilax, and carelessly tied together, are the favorite bouquets for balls this season.

One of the most elegant dresses worn at a late ball is said to have been a combination of straw-colored silk, garnet-colored tarletan and black lace; the wearer a stately blonde.

Seal skin trimmed with grebe makes a charming combination—try it.

The new "Arctics," for ladies' wear, come up very high and fit quite artistically.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLEN M.—The price of a lead comb varies from 75 cents to $1.25. We can obtain one for you on the receipt of the price.

MRS. M. F.—It is considered injudicious by many to cut a girl's hair after she passes the age of fourteen. We think it is apt to coarse.

KATE G.—Matelasse silk resembles quilted silk. It is quite expensive, though not as much so as earlier in the season when it was a novelty.

ANNIE R.—We do not think a moderate use of infant's powder, can harm you, if you are troubled with a roughness of the skin when exposed to the weather.

MRS. M. G. R.—The English fashions for little boys are not nearly so graceful to our mind as the French. The former are mostly the old Garabaldi waist revived with sleeves and waist gathered into a band, and to our taste are exceedingly awkward looking. The French jackets come down very low on the hips, and button at the throat, displaying a deep vest. For older boys the jackets have rolling collars. We can send you any pattern you desire. NINON.

HOW POSTAGE-STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank-notes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks, which are fanned by steam-power, for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled, and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail-bags for dispatching to fulfil orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

THE ANTIQUITY OF INVENTION.

To Noah is attributed the invention of wine, 2,347 B. C. Ale was known at least 404 B. C., and beer is mentioned by Xenophon 401 B. C. Backgammon, the most ancient of our games, was invented by Palamedes, of Greece, 1,224 B. C. Chess is of later date, and originated 680 years before the Christian Era. The first circus was built by Tarquin, 605 B. C., and theatrical representations took place as long ago as 502 B. C. The first tragedy represented was written by Thespis, 536 B. C. So it seems that the ancients were not as destitute of amusements as one would suppose. Is it not possible that the great philosopher, Socrates, delighted in chess; that Sophocles amused his little friends by taking them to see the gladiators and the tragedians; and that even immortal Homer could play a fair game of backgammon?

As for musical instruments, they possessed the psaltry, harp, lute, and that most ancient instrument, the cymbal, which is spoken of as long ago as 1,580 B. C. The flute was the invention of Hyaginus, 1,506 B. C.; organs were invented by Archimedes, 220 B. C.; and Nero played upon the melodious bagpipe, 51 A. D.

In household furniture, glass was used by the Egyptians; crockery was known to the Egyptians and Greeks, 1,490 B.C.; carpets were in use, 800 B. C.; clocks, which measured time by the falling of water, were invented 158 B. C.; sundials, which had been in use previous to the invention of the water-clock, date from 550 B. C.

Bricks were made 2,247 B. C.; the lathe was invented by Talus, 1,240 B. C. The compass was used by the Chinese, 1,115 B. C. Bellows are the invention of Anacharsis, 560 B. C.

FORTITUDE IN ADVERSITY.—There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on. In circumstances of adversity men will act bravely and defiantly even from motives of mere vanity; and especially is this so with the high-spirited and sensitive person. But he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave misfortune, and overcome adversity; he who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his troubles and ill-luck, can behave with indifference, tranquility, and fortitude, is indeed truly great, whether he be peasant or courtier. He certainly deserves admiration, and should be held up for our respect, and worthy of imitation.

RESPECT is to the person beloved what the enchasing is to the gem; it shows the value set upon it.

A LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

BY R. A. H.

Why should I liken Sallie's eyes
To sister stars in azure skies?
Since they to me appear more bright,
And glowing with a lovelier light.

Why should I liken Sallie's smile
To some bright fairy's witching wile?
No fairy spell or charm could bind
In such sweet thrall my captive mind.

Why should I liken Sallie's hand
In whiteness to the ocean sand?
The wave though pure could never show
A lustre that outlives the snow.

Why should I liken Sallie's form
To shapes that make the canvas warm?
Sure never painter's hand could trace
A creature of such peerless grace.

What is she like, then? Like my dream
To me doth beauteous Sallie seem:
Like the fine phantom which has bowed
Above me from some rainbow cloud

In sleep I've seen that sprite for years,
Sometimes in smiles, anon in tears;
Nor thought that it could real be,
Till Sallie dawned, like Heaven on me!

CHIPS' GHOST STORY.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

We were running so far south that the sailors said in jest that the skipper intended to circumnavigate the Pole. A snow-drift three feet deep often lay upon the lee side of the quarter-deck; big icicles bristled, bayonet-like, beneath the gallows, and even ruffed the galley; hot water had to be poured upon the blocks before the iron rod-like ropes and fast-jammed sheaves would move. Far into the morning a dull dusk continued; the day was but a twilight; the stars came out at three. An ice-watch had been set, for a huge berg, more than a mile long, and some seven or eight hundred feet high, had passed us at noon in very disagreeable propinquity. The sight of that dismal Delos sullenly surging on the leaden waves—lit by a few shivering sunbeams from a patch of cold yellow in the leaden sky—had cast a chill upon our *spirits*, too. It wasn't pleasant to remember, as the brief day waned, that we might be running right on to a similar monster slowly coming up to meet us. No songs were sung that night at the little club which a few of us had got up in the second mate's cabin. He lay smoking within his bunk, determined to be warm as long as he could, and dreading the approach of eight bells, when he would have to take the deck. We, the passengers whom he admitted to his sanctum for the sake of the entertainment, vocal and conversational, we gave him, were by no means paying our rent for the apartment, but sat on box and bench, puffing our pipes and sipping our grog in the most solemn of silences.

"Why, I verily believe you're funky!" presently cried out the mirth-loving little officer. "If you can't sing us a song, you might spin us a yarn."

But even our anecdotical powers were frozen, and we should have spent a very Quaker-like evening, had not our host thrust aside his red curtain, and given three hearty knocks on the bulkhead which separated his "house" from that in which the carpenter and sailmaker were lodged.

"What's wanted?" was the responsive query.

"You, Chips!" the reply.

Presently the cabin-door opened, and, preceded by a blast that pierced like a plump of Cossack lances, Chips thrust his blue-brown face and snow-powdered whiskers—frosted before by age—into our little company. It was as much as he could do to shut the door again, for the wind pushed solidly against it, like a beam. At last, however, it was secured, and the carpenter, having been provided with a seat on a water-cask, and a glass of rum from a carboy of that beverage, which served as our common decanter, was told why he had been sent for.

"These gentlemen are all in the downs to-night," said the mate, "so I want you to spin us one of your yarns to enliven us a bit."

Chips' notion of cheerful narrative must have been singular, for—after sundry modest requests to be excused on the score that "the gen'lm'n wouldn't care nowt for his old tales"—the following was the one he favored us with. I will not attempt to preserve the old fellow's peculiar phraseology, but will give the story as I heard it as nearly as I can, without sacrificing orthography, or making a fool of myself by a landsman's misuse of the nautical lingo.

"In the year 'twenty-six," said Chips, "just when I was out of my time, I took it into my head to go whaling, not as carpenter, but before the mast. I shipped on board the old ——, sailing from New Bedford. We had among the crew as hardy chaps as any afloat, but one of them died before we'd been at sea a month. He was a strange, silent fellow, that was always looking over his shoulder in the forecastle at night, as if he expected to see something. We chaffed him about it at first, but he wasn't a safe man to plague. His mates told us all kinds of queer yarns about him; that he'd been away for ever so long, and that nobody knew where he'd been to. All that *he'd* say was, that he'd been in the 'Spanish service,' and some made out that that meant a slaver, some a pirate, some one thing, some another; but none of them any good. He struck a minister one day when he'd got the horrors, and the parson had gone to look after him, saying 'that he didn't want any spies about his bed.' His eyes were staring at the wall on one side of him, as if some one was standing there. They said that he had got the horrors; but, as I've told you, he had always that frightened look in the dark, even when he was quite sober. Something bad was on his mind, that's very certain.

"The day he died he was queerer than ever, keeping out of the way of everybody as much as he could, rolling his eyes about like a madman, talking to himself, and as pale as a sheet. 'You'd better turn in, Galt,' the doctor said to him; and down he went without a word, and presently the doctor sent him some stuff, thinking he was in a fever. My bunk was next to his, and when I turned in at eight bells I could hear him hissing through his clenched teeth, just as if he was trying to keep in a shriek. It was much such a night as this, only there was a deal more ice ranging about than what we've seen. I soon fell asleep, for we had been making-off blubber all day, and I had got quite tired over the casks. I might have been asleep about a couple of hours, when I was woke by a horrid scream—as if a soul was just dropping into the lower regions. I tumbled out in next to no time, and so did the other chaps, and we all came crowding round Galt's berth. He was squeezed up against the side (we could see, when we lifted up the lantern) as if he wanted to drive his back into the wood, and was striking out with his right hand clutched as if he'd got a knife in it, and his left with all the fingers spread out. His face was a horrid sight. It was as white and as wet as the side of a chalk-pit, and his eyes were regularly alight with rage and fear. I don't know which there was most of in them.

"'Take her off! take her off!' he yelled, when he saw us. 'You won't! won't you, you villains? Then, confound you! go to blazes with me! I'll haunt you, and sink the ship!'

"And then his face gave a twitch like a devil trying to laugh, and he fell over on it dead, with his arms still stiff. We could hardly get them down by his sides without breaking them. The next day but one we buried him, and—you may believe me or not, as you like—but I can tell you that his body didn't *drop* into the sea, but was *dragged* down the moment he touched the water.

"After that, we had nothing but misfortunes. Next to no fish came in sight. Scarce one of those that did come, could we get near; and when we happened to strike one, the line was sure to break. One of the boats, too, went down all of a sudden, just as if it had been swallowed. Galt was haunting us sure enough. We didn't see anything of him, however, until the sun set for good. We were lying then, frozen up, in a great floe, some sixty miles northwest of the Devil's Thumb. We could just make it out when the sun dipped—not to come up again for weeks to come. There we were, fairly shut in for the whole winter. Well, we were sawing out a dock for the ship by moonlight, when suddenly—the bears had done growling, and the wolves howling, for a bit, and everything except the grating saws was still as death, for there wasn't a breath of wind blowing—all of a sudden, I say, we heard shrieks and laughing. We knocked off work, and ran aboard in a minute—we were so scared; and when we ventured to look over the bulwarks, there, about two miles off, we could see the boat's crew we had lost rushing through the mist, as big as giants, and Galt after them, even bigger, striking out just as he did when he died.

"Another time, we made out some water a mile off, with a whale floundering about in it, as if she was puzzled how to get out. We launched the boats over the ice, gave chase, and killed her, and towed her alongside the floe to flinch. We were glad enough of the crang ourselves, for we had been on short allowance for a long time. The bears and the wolves and the blue foxes scented it, and came down for their share. We drew off a bit to let them come near, and then let fly and killed a lot of them, too, for food. We had made quite a jolly pile of provisions, and were just about to spear an old shark—fried shark doesn't taste unlike fried sole, when you're hungry—that was bumping the whale with its ugly snout, to find a tit-bit, when crack went the ice, like a monstrous big pane of glass, with a running rumble like the roar of a thousand cannon let off one after another. We could hear it growling away for miles into the darkness. The moon was just going down. The shark soon left the whale, for the bit of ice on which our prog was tilted over like a dust-cart, and shot its load into the sea. We were too busy looking after our lives to have any time to look after that. Two of our four boats were cracked like walnut-shells by the big lumps of ice that were jolting about everywhere. It was as much as ever we could do to get off our lump safely—the four crews into two boats; it danced up and down, this side and that, like a cork upon the swell. And then we had only starlight to guide us as we pulled back to the ship, with broken ice on every side threatening each moment to stave us in. I didn't see *him* that night, but three of our fellows did. They say he chased us back, jumping from block to block as if they were only stepping-stones across a brook.

"On the night of the third day after he had been thus seen, he was seen again, the same size as he was when alive, walking round and round the ship, laughing and pointing. One, two, three he counted on his left hand, then shut it all up except the little finger, and kept lunging through the gloom with that. We knew what he meant next day.

"A berg twice as high as the one we saw at noon came with a jar against the floe, and shivered it for miles. The ice about the ship of course broke up and began a devil's dance, but as the bits weren't very big, and she was regularly cased with rope-fenders, she might have got over that if the berg hadn't borne down upon her as straight as if it had been steered. On it came, never once falling off a point. You may fancy what a funk we were in! We bundled clothes and blankets, pork and biscuit into the boats, and were over the side in a twinkling, pulling for dear life, and fending off the little lumps that came walloping up against us as well as we could with the boat-hooks. Two poor frost-bitten fellows couldn't leave their berths, and the skipper swore, come what might, he'd stick by the ship. We saw him run forward and hoist the jib all by himself, to get some way on her, and then the berg came between, and we never saw any more of him or the poor old ——. And may I never taste grog again if I didn't see on the berg, alongside of Galt and a foreign-looking woman, the ——"

Whom he saw, and how Chips and his comrades got home, we did not hear; for just then a shrill voice from the forecastle—echoed shrilly along the deck—sang out in tremulous haste, "Ice on the weather-bow!" and the chief officer, in his rushing route forwards, put in his snow-roofed visage at the cabin-door, and bellowed to his colleague, "Jackson, turn out!" The cabin was soon cleared, and seeing, as we did, this second monster solemnly glide past us, so near that we could plainly make out the foam of the black billows breaking on its dully glimmering sides, we may, perhaps, be excused if we gave more credence than we should have afforded in less excited moments to "Chips' Ghost Story."

FRIENDSHIP has a noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes, and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success, talks himself into a new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.

THE HAPPIEST of pillows is not that which love first presses; it is that which death has frowned on, and passed over.

THEY err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to M. J. O. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ In ordering, the name, with Post-office address, County and State, should be plainly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Tolling. A Dangerous Rival. Saved by Love. Dreams. In Love. The Sisters. The Old Valentine. Bell's Stratagem. The Keepsake.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

☞ BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

WILMINGTON.—There is no rule on the subject. Either plan would be quite proper.

J. E.—The person you refer to was no gentleman, or he would have returned your picture at once.

C. F. M.—We are sorry to say we have not the back numbers of the story you name, nor is it obtainable in book form, being out of print.

BESSIE.—We have no "medium" engaged on our paper, and without the aid of one it is impossible for us to give you the information you seek.

C. C. S.—When you ask us sensible questions we shall be happy to answer them to the best of our ability, but those you have asked us, some seven in number, cannot come under this head.

D. M.—It is a most erroneous notion that the killing of a dog which has bitten a person will have any preventive effect in respect to hydrophobia. The dog should not be killed unless it is really mad; and in that case it should be destroyed to prevent it from biting any one else.

DICK TURPIN.—We can get you a six-inch globe, on bronze stand, for $5.00; a 9 inch, full meridian and inclined axis for $12.00; 12 inch ditto for $18.00. 2. We do not understand what series of novels you allude to. Can you not mention the titles of some of them, and then, perhaps, we might be able to tell.

G. E. S.—We have read over your letter carefully, and have come to the conclusion that you may rest assured matters are progressing just as you wish. The young man has no more intention of remaining single than you have yourself, but is possibly desirous to see his way clearly before he commits himself to an engagement.

X. Y. Z.—Gunpowder was invented by Roger Bacon, who lived in the thirteenth century; but Germany claims the merit for several who lived after Bacon's decease. The learned, however, thirty years assign the priority of the invention to Bacon as regards the Western world, although it is now well known that the Chinese were acquainted with gunpowder centuries previously.

MINT.—The first copper coinage consisted solely of farthings, and was issued in the reign of James I and Charles I. Charles II issued halfpence and farthings, which, for the first time, bore the figure of Britannia, modelled from the king's cousin, Frances Stuart, remarkable for the beauty of her figure. Penny and twopenny pieces were first coined in the early part of the reign of George III.

S. S. TEACHER.—"Vulgate" is a term applied to the Latin version of the Scriptures, authorized by the Council of Trent, and which is attributed to St. Jerome. The older version, called "Italic," is said to have been made in the beginning of the second century. Critical editions of the Vulgate were printed by the order of Pope Sextus V, in 1590. The Latin Bible, called the Unity Bible, was printed in 1466.

U. P.—No. The idea that a government reward has been ever offered for the successful discoverer of perpetual motion is as fallacious as the grand delusion of the possibility of perpetual motion itself; and any one who in the present state of science and enlightenment, allows himself to be carried away by this notion loses his time and wastes his talents, more hopelessly than even "a squarer of the circle."

LOVER OF NOVELS.—You say that you are "passionately fond of reading novels," and want us to tell you if Scott's novels are fit for you to read. Unquestionably they are. There is not one of Scott's novels, that we can call to mind, that is unfit for any young lady to read. Besides, there is a vast amount of knowledge, both historical and geographical, to be gained by an attentive perusal of them, not forgetting the notes that are so plentifully interspersed.

GEOLOGIST.—"We have been having an argument as to which is the oldest land on the globe; that is, the first which rose above the ocean. Can you enlighten us?" The oldest land on the globe, by which you mean that which was the first to rise above the ocean which the revelations of geology tell us once covered the whole earth, is, we believe, the long low line row of hills, nowhere exceeding two thousand feet in height, which extend along the border between Canada and the United States, from the Eastern part of the Dominion almost to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

C. V. P.—It is a bad plan to place unreserved confidence in man or woman. Never tell any one everything about yourself—let there be a little mystery and reserve; your friends will like you all the better for it. A book that you "know by heart" must inevitably be cast aside for a fresh volume; so will you be served if you allow yourself to be thoroughly read. But be prepared, in any emergency, to look your own life and acts squarely in the face without even flinching, or mark yourself a coward. It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and frittering of power are desired; but if gossip makes itself busy with your name, do not be aggrieved if a grain of truth is spread over a dozen lies. Pass them by in silence, and do not even then forget your habitual reverence. Justice will be done you in time, never fear, and the less you clamor for it the better.

A MOTHER.—We would not, were we you, make your little girl begin to learn music, that is, to play the piano, at too early an age; though you are quite right to cultivate a taste for music in her. There is nothing to prevent children from taking up music as naturally as reading and writing. The notes and the alphabet might be learned at the same time. At five and six, children learn to sing naturally and easily, and little songs and exercises should be mingled with the lessons of the primary reading and spelling book. Some knowledge of music should form part of every child's education. At the same time, it is of no use to carry a child through a long course of musical study when he or she has no special aptitude or taste for it. If they do not care for it, they should be made to study enough to understand its general principle, and then, unless they voluntarily express a desire to pursue its study, let them give it up.

NAVAL FARMER.—You wish us to give you "the names of a few books which you could read, and which would give you valuable information, and help" you to become a better farmer." We should recommend you to get the following: Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry, and also the back volumes of the Popular Science Monthly, which you can get, bound in cloth, pretty cheap. There are also two valuable works by Johnson: "How Crops Feed," and "How Crops Grow," both of which you ought to read; and "Agricultural Chemistry," by Johnson, would be very useful as a book of reference. If you would wish us to get any of them for you, it will give us much pleasure to execute your commissions.

JOHN.—"For seven years I have been corresponding with a gentleman, who, in all that time, has addressed me in most endearing terms, but has never once asked my hand in marriage. I have always replied in a friendly, and even affectionate manner, thereby hoping to encourage him, but with the same result. What shall I do in the matter, as I am getting to be in despair that it will ever end in anything satisfactory?" We must commend your patience and long-suffering, which have, indeed, been wonderful to have let such a matter hang on in this undecided and unsatisfactory way for seven long years! It is high time that the gentleman should be made to come to the point, and you should write to him that the matter has stood as it is long enough, and that you wish a definite understanding, one way or the other.

YOUNG ARTIST.—"Can you give me the rules of proportion by which artists are guided in drawing the human figure?" The whole human figure should be six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest part of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

ALICE.—The problem you wish us to solve is indeed a difficult one. You say you have two lovers, a young one, whose income is barely sufficient to keep himself; and an old one, who is wealthy. Of course, you love the poorest the best; but the question now is, do you prefer working hard, and enduring all kinds of privations and anxieties, to a life of ease and comparative plenty? Your letter puts us in mind of a story that we once read, which may, perhaps, suit your case. A young lady of twenty was pressed by her mother to marry a wealthy gentleman of sixty. The young lady demurred, saying "But, ma, only consider he is three times as old as me, and when I am fifty he will be *one hundred and fifty!* I could not think of such a thing." "But, my dear," replied her mother, "remember how very few men live to be over eighty; before you are forty he will most likely be dead, and then you will be able to get a younger husband." "Oh, thank you, mamma," cried the young lady, "I never thought of that: I'll accept him directly."

VERDANT.—We do not think you have chosen an appropriate *nomme de plume*, for judging by your letter we should not consider you as being by any means *verdant*, in the slang meaning of the word. The "Proff" certainly behaves in a very peculiar manner, and we should strongly advise you to be very guarded and reserved in your treatment of him, and as to how you respond to his demonstrations of "friendship." You may, by gently but decidedly keeping him at a respectful distance, by forbidding him to take any such liberties as those you speak of, and by not giving him so much encouragement as you evidently have been doing, find out what his intentions are, and whether he has any real love for you. Put an end to the correspondence at once, and above all, on no account whatever, allow any embraces or caresses until he has regularly proposed and declared his intention; even then, the more reserved and chary young ladies in such circumstances are of their favors, the more highly are they esteemed by their lovers, however much at the time they may be put out at being refused.

INQUIRER says: "Your very ready, independent and appropriate replies to all manner of questions from correspondents have greatly entertained and amused me. And what is better, these questions and answers, representing as they do every shade of thought, are very *instructive*. Will you kindly, therefore, answer the following questions?" Inquirer then asks several questions in regard to ventriloquism. In reply we beg to state that ventriloquism is not a natural gift, as is generally supposed, but is a species of vocal mimicry which may be cultivated by scientific methods, and is often resorted to by eminent singers to produce unusual musical effects. To become successful as a ventriloquist, a person should have a nice perception of the variations of sound produced by distance and direction, and also a well-developed mimetic faculty. No one of the senses is more easily deceived than that of hearing, because persons judge of the nearness or remoteness of sounds by comparing them with other sounds whose distance they are familiar with—a standard which most often be faulty. In most cases a falsetto voice is used instead of the natural tones, it requiring the least facial movement. The exercise of ventriloquism is very fatiguing to the voice, and often occasions violent fits of coughing.

MISCELLANEOUS.—G. W.—There is a vein of poetry in you, but your education must be much improved to properly develop it. There are no less than six words spelt wrongly in the first verse. We have spoken frankly, as you asked us to do. H. H. C.—The means by which superfluous hair is removed are dangerous of application, and we must decline to give directions. IOTHA.—If you are favorably disposed towards the gentleman, a very slight encouragement on your part ought to induce him to speak, but just how much it is impossible for us to say. STELLA.—Such a course as you contemplate would be improper, and lay you open to a suspicion of deceit. C. E. S.—The advertisement was evidently a swindle, but we do not see that you have any redress. ANNIE.—We do not see why you should be ashamed of your writing; it is anything but bad. We sincerely wish we had always as good to decipher. JENNIE.—The lady ought to pay her own expenses. W. H. F.—It rests with the lady to recognize the gentleman first, and it is optional with her to recognize him or not. H. M. B.—We should advise you in the first place to try and make up the quarrel. If the young lady persists in demanding the return of her letters, you must, of course, comply with her wishes. EMMIE.—The "h" is sounded in humble, the same as it is in hum, hummingbird, and similar words. B. J. K.—We regret that your poem was not quite up to our standard. MYRA.—There is no impropriety in exchanging photographs with an intimate friend, but it would not be advisable with mere acquaintances.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

Seventy-five—$75.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;

Twenty-five—$25.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.